The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1896.

The Week.

WITHIN one month of the close of the fiscal year, the Treasury shows a deficit of $27,000,000. The receipts are greater by $14,000,000 than in the corresponding months of 1894–5, and the expenditures $7,000,000 less; but the deficit has been creeping up month by month, and it will doubtless amount to $30,000,000 by June 30. Meanwhile the gold holdings are subject to drain again, no less than $17,000,000 gold having been drawn out in the month of May alone. But do these figures have any sobering effect on Congress? Only to drive it into more reckless waste of the public money on ships and fortifications and a swollen river-and-harbor bill. The latter is being passed over the President's veto with a shout. What has he got to do with spending the people's money? That is the perquisite of Congress, he will find out. If he has to issue bonds to pay the Government's debts and to preserve the gold standard, why, let him. That's his affair. We'll curse him roundly for doing it, but as for economy and moderation in appropriations, why, what on earth are we here for?

The river-and-harbor bill which the President has vetoed is the most shameless debauch with public money that we can recall, and it comes at a time when the Treasury is subsisting on borrowed money. No words can be too severe to characterize such profligacy. One of the inevitable effects must be to impair confidence in our credit abroad, already weakened to a disastrous extent by the silver craze. It is perfectly plain that the money to meet this extravagant appropriation must be taken from the proceeds of the last bond sale, and hence that another one will be necessary. Senator Sherman justified the veto in advance when he said that Congress was piling up expenditures without revenue, and that the President ought to refuse to pay out more money than the Treasury's current income. If Congress passes the bill over the veto, Mr. Cleveland may follow Mr. Sherman's advice in this particular. He would certainly be sustained by public opinion, regardless of party divisions, if he should do so. One paragraph in the veto message contains a general truth little calculated to propitiate members of Congress who voted for the bill, viz.:

> "I believe no greater danger confronts us, as a nation, than the unhappy decadence among our people of genuine and trustworthy love and affection for our government as the embodiment of the highest and best aspirations of humanity, and not as the giver of gifts, and because its mission is the enforcement of exact justice and equality, and not the allowance of unfair favoritism."

The passage of the bill over the veto has been consummated in the House. It is to be hoped that the people will keep a list of the yeas and nays, and severely remember the men who have recorded themselves in the affirmative.

In view of all the other extravagances of the present Congress, those actually accomplished and those contemplated, the report of the committee on the Nicaragua Canal ought not to occasion surprise. They recommend the project, of course. It is true that a committee of Government engineers, after a personal examination of the route and the country and the work already done, reported against going on with the canal at present, saying that the data were insufficient, that the canal company's figures were erroneous, if not intentionally false, and that it was not yet proved that the canal was practicable from the engineering standpoint. The House committee, without any later information and without personal examination of anything except the company's light literature, decides that the canal is practicable on the present plan, that it can be built for $82,000,000 (making allowance for $100,000,000 as an outside figure), and that it is wise for the Government to guarantee the company's securities to the latter amount, or even $150,000,000 if necessary. This is a sum three times as large as the Government guaranteed for all the Pacific railroads taken together. It is to be spent in making a canal subject to a foreign jurisdiction, and exposed, in case of war, to seizure by any naval power that can first reach it and is strong enough to hold it or destroy it. If such a scheme can pass Congress, what may we not expect? The present river-and-harbor bill is a trifle in comparison with it. The latter has at least the advantage that the money will be spent in our own country.

A measure has just passed the United States Senate which takes away from the Administration its power, under the resumption law of 1875, to issue bonds for the protection of the Treasury reserve. The bond-issue power was indeed an essential and indispensable part of that legislation. The Congress of 1875 fully appreciated that the maintenance of resumption and the future protection of the national credit might, in an easily imagined exigency, depend entirely on this bond-issue power unquestionably possessed and unhesitatingly used by the executive. This is why Senator Sherman and Senator Gray, Republican and Democrat, united the other day in declaring to the Senate that its action on the Butler bill "marks a crisis in the history of the country and in the history of the Senate." Both understood, as all other intelligent citizens do, that this bond-issue power, bravely and promptly exercised by Mr. Cleveland on four critical occasions, is all that has stood since 1893 between the United States Treasury and repudiation. With Congress in such a mood—for the passage of this bill in the Senate has all along been assumed as probable—and with a recollection of the catastrophe four times so narrowly averted, every business man and every citizen has a right to ask, with fear and trembling, what attitude the next Administration can be depended on to take in such another crisis.

Senator Sherman has again exposed his insincerity on the question of raising revenue. While the "filled-cheese bill" was before the Senate, Mr. Dubois offered an amendment providing for an additional tax of 75 cents a barrel on beer. He pointed out the well-known fact that such a tax would bring in $25,000,000 a year—almost enough to meet the deficiency in the revenue—and would not affect anybody except those "gentlemen who have accumulated large fortunes in the manufacture of beer," as the price of a glass of beer would not be increased. Mr. Sherman not only opposed the amendment, but he deprecated the idea of any further impost on beer, on the ground that it already "has a pretty heavy tax on it for an article which is very useful and comfortable," and he said that he did not know whether he would vote for a larger tax under any circumstances, "because I think that the consumers of beer already pay a very large sum." This is the ridiculous end of the Ohio Senator's professed anxiety of a few months ago to vote for a tax on tea, coffee, or anything else in order to raise more revenue.

Nothing could show more conclusively the universal appreciation that the financial question is the most important one now before the people than the split of the Prohibition party on this issue. Here is an organization which was formed for the sole purpose of putting an end to the traffic in intoxicating liquors; yet when it holds its national convention, the one thing which interests the delegates is whether the party shall favor or oppose the free coinage of silver. A long controversy shows that a small majority are against the 16-to-1 doctrine, and then the minority bolt and start a new organization for the promotion of an object which is dearer to them than any consideration affecting the liquor traffic. Prohibitionists have been called men of one idea, who could think of nothing but their hobby. The fact that Prohibitionists now put the currency above everything else shows how absurd it is to suppose that the approach-

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ing campaign can be fought on any other issue.

The nearer we get to the St. Louis convention, the more pronounced becomes the support of McKinley by the silver Republicans of the West, on the ground that his record and his character show that he is not and will not be a gold-standard man. The *Dry Goods Economist* of this city recently sent a circular to representatives of the trade throughout the country, pointing out that the financial issue is the most important one, that "McKinley's record is that of a persistent panderer to the unsettlement of our financial system," that all merchants who favor the maintenance of the gold standard should place themselves on record, and asking dry-goods men to let it know whether they favor such maintenance. The head of a dry-goods company in Topeka, Kan., has furnished to the *Journal* of that city, an earnest free-coinage and McKinley newspaper, a copy of his reply to this circular. He writes that the officers of his corporation are for McKinley, "first, last, and all the time," for the reason, among others, that "he is not an extremist on the money question," and that "we especially admire in Mr. McKinley that quality which enables him, notwithstanding the pressure of his enemies, to keep his views on silver coinage to himself until such time as he thinks it wise to express them." The President of the company says that it has twelve employees, eight of whom are Republicans, two Democrats, and two Populists. Seven of the Republicans are warmly in favor of McKinley, and one of the Democrats expects to vote for him, while the Populists "hope for a chance to vote for an out-an-out free-silver man." The letter concludes: "But one of the entire twelve approves of the gold standard, nor do we." Evidently somebody is going to be terribly cheated in this business. Who is it going to be—the Eastern sound-money men, who claim that McKinley is for the gold standard; or the Western silverites, who support him enthusiastically because they believe that he is not?

The *Tribune* complains with great justice of people who "have bombarded Mr. McKinley with questions which they know, and he knows, and they know that he knows, have no other earthly purpose than to entrap and misrepresent him." And it intimates that these questions relate to "all subjects under discussion in the civilized world, beginning with the Mosaic cosmogony and coming down to coinage." But it is absurd to suggest even that the Major cannot protect himself against such people. He can easily cut off a man who begins by asking him about the Mosaic cosmogony, and the nebular hypothesis, etc., by simply saying that such things have no relation to the election, and that he has not made up his mind about them. He can, in fact, safely treat such questioners as impostors, just as much as if he were not a candidate. The only genuine persons who go to him are the gold-standard men. Surely, he must have been visited by some, who simply said, waiving the Mosaic-cosmogony matter, that all they wished to know was which standard he favored—gold or silver. Is it conceivable that he was not visited by some such inquirers? Now what did he say to them? This is all we want to know. What he thinks about all other subjects of human interest is a matter of comparative indifference to us. Of course we should like to know how such a mind as Major McKinley's works on any subject, as we should like to know how Gladstone's, or Bismarck's, or Darwin's, or Goethe's worked; but we acknowledge that this is not the time to discover how it works on subjects in general. We only ask how it works on one. Is this unreasonable? Is it impertinent? Are we to die in ignorance? How a man of ordinary sensibility can see millions surging round his window in search of information on one subject only, and yet deny it, passes our comprehension.

The Georgia Bankers' Association held their annual meeting at Augusta a few days since, and, after finishing the business that brought them together, were entertained at a banquet. Ex-Senator Walsh, who is the editor of the Augusta *Chronicle*, and a silver-man, was present and was called on for a speech. Mr. Walsh made a brief response, in which he said that he would become an advocate of the gold standard in case anybody could demonstrate two propositions to him: first, "that the volume of primary money does not control, in a great measure, the commodities that seek to be exchanged for it"; second, "that the universal law of supply and demand, which governs the price of all articles that enter into commerce, does not govern the price of money." If both these propositions were conceded to be true, there would still be something more needed to make a logical conclusion. The first and fundamental contention of the "gold-bugs" is that the free coinage of silver would not add anything to the volume of money, but merely substitute silver for gold. They say that all history proves this, and that even if an increased volume of money were desirable, it would not be brought about by such a substitution. They deny, also, that a rise of general prices would be for the advantage of the great mass of mankind. They point to the fact that, although prices of most things have fallen since 1873, wages have risen, and that consequently the working classes are better off, since they receive more dollars and can buy more goods with each dollar. For these reasons, no logical end or argumentative purpose is reached, even if one concedes Mr. Walsh's contention. He wishes us to take three things for granted, although not even mentioned by him, viz.: that the free coinage of silver will give us a larger quantity of money than we now have, that a larger quantity is desirable, and that a general rise of prices would be advantageous to mankind. Those are the things which Mr. Walsh should have demonstrated before he put his proposition to the Georgia bankers.

Had the Republican convention building in St. Louis been too badly damaged by the late tornado to be made ready by June 16, the national committee would have had an opportunity to do a sensible thing. It was not at all necessary that the convention should be put off simply because there was not another building in the city capable of seating 6,000 to 8,000 people. All that was and is needed is seating capacity for the 1,000 delegates. There must be many halls in St. Louis large enough to accommodate the convention proper with ease. The chance to get rid so easily of the thousands of interlopers that hinder and attempt to direct the work of national conventions, ought to have been accepted with joy. They are a more intolerable nuisance with every year, and make the appearance even of deliberation and debate more and more farcical. The committee should have been thankful to seize the occasion to shut out the mob, and hold the convention according to programme and under infinitely better conditions than can possibly be enjoyed in the great auditorium.

A thousand and one candidates for the Vice-Presidency are reported as being under grave consideration by the McKinleyites, but the man they would undoubtedly prefer is Speaker Reed. The bait they are dangling before him is that he would be just the kind of czar needed to regenerate the Senate. With him in the chair, it is said, the dreary twaddle of the Stewarts and Morgans and Peffers would be brought abruptly to an end, the Senate's business would march like magic, and an applauding country would rise up to bless the bold Reed. But no man is less likely to be deceived by this fancy picture than the Speaker himself. He knows that the most czar-like presiding officer, backed by no matter how frantic popular cheers, could do nothing to make the Senate a body for the dispatch of public business unless a majority of the members were willing to stand by him. But whenever a majority are ready to change the rules and act like rational human beings bent on something besides floods of talk, the presiding officer becomes of little moment. It is a mistake to suppose that the Senate will ever be regenerated by the Vice-President; its help cometh not from the Chair. The Chair has no power in the Senate. When a few more of the old fellows die or are displaced, when a few more younger men, impatient and infinitely weary of the sham tradition of senatorial courtesy, take their places, we may hope for a

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change. There are some grateful signs of such a coming change; but it must be wrought by the Senate itself, not by its chairman.

The *World* publishes a number of telegrams from members of the Democratic national committee in response to an inquiry whether they are in favor of abrogating the two-thirds rule at the Chicago convention. The point of the inquiry lies in the fact that any number of delegates more than one-third can prevent any nomination if they are dissatisfied with the platform. Chairman Harrity says:

"In my judgment temporary conditions will not justify the abrogation of any well-established rule that has been found to work satisfactorily in the past. The two-thirds rule as applied to candidates ought, in my opinion, to be continued. It has usually been the case that candidates who obtained the support of the majority of the delegates to the Democratic national convention were able to command the other votes necessary to give them the required number under the two-thirds rule."

The word "usually" is well chosen. It has *usually* been the case, but not always. A conspicuous exception is found in the Charleston convention of 1860, when Senator Douglas had a majority of the votes, but never could get two-thirds. The difficulty here was over the platform, which endorsed the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," or the right of the first settlers of a Territory to have slavery or to reject it—the Southerners contending that no power could prevent them from carrying slaves thither and holding them as long as the Territorial governments continued. Upon this question the convention finally split, one faction adjourning to Baltimore, where Douglas was finally nominated, and the other to Richmond, where John C. Breckinridge was nominated. If the difficulty at Charleston had been merely a personal one, means would have been found to overcome it. What made it insurmountable was the impossibility of agreeing upon a platform. This is exactly the difficulty looming up at Chicago. Chairman Harrity was wise as a serpent when he said "usually." Of fifteen answers received to the *World's* interrogatory three are in favor of abrogating the two-thirds rule, eight are against it, and four are non-committal.

The gold-standard Democrats of Chicago hoisted their flag on Thursday last to some purpose. About 500 of them, all representative men, including Franklin MacVeagh, ex-Mayors Cregier and Hopkins, and Judge Moran, met at the Palmer House, elected a county central committee, and took steps to send a contesting delegation to the national convention. What was more to the purpose, the speakers at the meeting declared that they would not support any candidate for the Presidency who was in favor of the unrestricted coinage of silver, and that they would vote for a Republican in preference if he were nominated on a sound-money platform. These declarations were received with loud cheers, and the resolution to form an organization independent of the Altgeld-Populist concern was adopted by unanimous vote. This movement in Illinois will have a powerful effect in the surrounding States, where the influence of Chicago is at all times very great. It will stiffen the backs of the sound-money Democrats of Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska especially—those of Wisconsin need no stiffening—and will not be without its influence in the East and South.

Oregon has, during the past ten years, gone for the Republicans in every Presidential year, but elected that Democratic-Populist politician, Pennoyer, Governor twice in intermediate years—in 1886 and 1890. In 1894 the Republicans chose the Governor for the first time since 1882, and no doubt has been felt this year that they would carry through their candidate for Supreme Court Judge and get a good majority of the Legislature which will choose a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Mitchell. The interest of the contest centred about the silver question. The sound-money men were beaten in the Republican State convention, which rejected their proposed plank and substituted the "straddle" of the national platform in 1892, and the silverites, in one of the two congressional districts, nominated a free-coinage Republican, who appears to have been successful, while the Republican majority in the Legislature is expected to re-elect Mr. Mitchell on his free-coinage record. The influence of this election can hardly fail to be unfavorable to the cause of sound money in each of the great parties.

Commissioner Lyman of the Excise Department has bowed to the inevitable, and has requested the State Civil-Service Commission to place his "special confidential agents" on the list of competitive places. The position of Comptroller Roberts, sustained by the opinion of ex-Judge Danforth and others, that if the agents were appointed in any other way they could never hope to be paid by the State, was the cause of this surrender. It is final, and, taken in connection with a similar surrender by Mr. Aldridge, should convince the Platt machine that the Constitution is too strong for them, and that they cannot get possession of the public service of the State in defiance of its provisions. We should have been glad to have Mr. Lyman carry the matter into the courts in order to get a ruling on the meaning of the word "practicable" in the Constitution, for it was upon that that Mr. Lyman based his hope.

Church finances, not fine points of doctrine, constituted the burning question this year before the Presbyterians in Assembly at Saratoga. The new $1,750,000 Presbyterian house in Fifth Avenue has mightily stirred up the plain Presbyterians of the West, especially in view of heavy mission debts reported, and it looked at one time as if the sale of the building would be ordered and a return made to humbler quarters. But finally the whole matter was referred to a committee of business men, who are to report next year. Two Assemblies have already endorsed the new Presbyterian building as a wise business investment, but the returns have not come up to expectations, and the Western jealousy of Eastern luxury, which is as observable in religious as in secular politics, may yet lead to an abandonment of the whole ambitious project. The committee on church unity, appointed some years ago to negotiate terms of union with the Episcopal Church, made a final and rather melancholy report, and begged to be discharged from further hopeless labors. "With all her conscious weaknesses and imperfections," says the report, "the Presbyterian Church must insist"—well, that it is as good as the Episcopal, any day. This recalls the address to the Queen which the judges drew up at the opening of the new Law Courts. "Conscious as we are of our own infirmities," the first draft of it began. Objection was made to this as a little too abject, when Lord Bowen suggested that it should read, "Conscious as we are of each other's infirmities." That is the kind of consciousness the Presbyterians really have—an acute consciousness of the weaknesses and imperfections of the Episcopalians.

The use to which the Tories propose to put their big inherited surplus shows a strict intention to make their charity begin at home. The landlords are to get a good slice of it, through the new agricultural rating bill, and the church schools their share by means of the education bill. Meanwhile foreign glory is to be got dirt cheap, the British taxpayer having nothing (as yet) to pay on that score. The Egyptians are to pay for being protected on the Sudan frontier, though they did not dream they were in danger nor ask to be protected. It is now known that the orders to advance toward Dongola came straight from Rome, Cairo being left wholly in ignorance till the last moment. Some Indian troops have since been sent to Suakim, as it is thought they can endure the climate better than the English. Some one asked in the Commons who was going to foot the bill for this transfer of soldiers. He learned that it was customary to charge such items up to the Indian budget, and the Government proposed to do so now. The Egyptian fellaheen and the Indian ryots will never know why their taxes are heavier this year, and we fear that even Secretary Curzon would be unable to make it clear to them how they happily illustrate the beauties of imperial federation.

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THE PROSPECT AT CHICAGO.

SENATOR BRICE is quoted as predicting a majority of 100 for the free coinage of silver at the Chicago convention. He thinks that the Republicans at St. Louis will adopt a gold platform, that McKinley will endorse it, that there will then be a bolt, but not a serious one, of delegates under the lead of Teller. He thinks that there will be no bolt at Chicago, but such an abstention of Democratic voters in the coming election that the party will be crushed. He has no doubt that the Republicans, in that event, will carry all the Western States from Ohio to the Dakotas inclusive. These views are attributed to Mr. Brice by a morning newspaper. Whether he is correctly reported or not, these opinions are held privately by so large a number of influential Democrats that they may be considered common property. Another opinion, a sort of corollary of the preceding ones, is that the silver question will overtop everything else in the campaign, no matter how strenuously the Republicans may seek to push the tariff to the front. McKinleyism, as that phrase is commonly understood, will be swallowed up, even though McKinley be the Republican candidate. It will be submerged by the money question.

The result of the Democratic primaries in Kentucky can hardly be taken otherwise than as the defeat of the sound-money men at Chicago. Last year they carried the State, under the lead of Secretary Carlisle, by a sufficient, but not large majority. Now the silverites have recovered their lost ground, and the gold-standard men, by losing that State, have probably lost the national convention also. The only question is whether the silverites will have a two-thirds majority at Chicago or not. This is not very important now, since the split in the party will be too wide and deep to be healed this year, if ever. The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, commenting on the action of its party friends, says that "they have spit upon the fathers of the party whose name and organization they claim, have proclaimed Jefferson an ignoramus, Jackson a conspirator, Benton a knave, and Cleveland a traitor. For the faith handed down through a hundred years of glorious party history, they have substituted a fad rejected by every intelligent civilization on the globe, and for the exponents of that faith they have substituted such apostles of Populism as Stewart, such exhorters of socialism as Tillman, such evangels of anarchism as Altgeld." It adds that Saturday's work makes Kentucky a Republican State for years to come; that although Bradley had lost the popularity which gave him the office of Governor last year, any Republican can now carry the State "over a party which binds itself to the corpse of free-silverism."

The events of the Democratic campaign make it clear that although the party repealed the Sherman act in 1893, its heart was not in that fight. It was "brought up to the bull-ring" by main strength. It required all the force that Mr. Cleveland could use, aided by Carlisle, Wilson, Gorman, Hill, Voorhees, Mills, and other leaders of varying views and tendencies as to other matters, and goaded by a financial panic of the first magnitude, to accomplish the result. It was a great victory for the country, but it was achieved over the heads and against the feelings of the Democrats of the West and South. A majority of them were for cheap and nasty money all the time. They are now under no duress or restraint. Mr. Cleveland no longer holds them by the back of the neck. They feel free to go their own way—that is, to the bad—and they are going thither with all possible speed. They will not only lose the Presidency, but a lot of Southern States which they have hitherto counted upon as surely Democratic—Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky certainly; West Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri probably—while their only possible gains to offset these losses will be the small Rocky Mountain States, and these are by no means certain.

The Republican voter who is going to leave his party on account of free silver, except in the silver-producing region, has not yet been heard from. On the other hand, the Democrats of education, substance, and training all over the country—in South Carolina and Texas as well as in New York and Illinois—who will never vote to debase the standard of value, are legion. One man of this type is Mr. W. W. Baldwin of Burlington, Iowa, who writes to the Des Moines *Leader* in reply to Gov. Boies's contention that free silver would give us the Mexican standard and bring us Mexican prices within thirty days. "No civilized nation," says Mr. Baldwin, "has ever yet taken such a plunge as is here proposed, namely, to reduce the value of its currency one-half at a single stroke, but I agree that it would be felt inside of thirty days." Then he pictures the consequences:

> "We had a touch of the feeling in May, 1893, from the mere suspicion that the Treasury Department might break down in its effort to prevent this fall to the silver or Mexican basis, which Gov. Boies desires to see accomplished. Thirty days were not required to spread the feeling. It closed banks and business houses and factories; it ruined the prosperous and industrious by thousands; it sent out into the streets and upon the roads other thousands to beg or starve because there was no work. It was the panic. Its influence did not cease in thirty days. It is yet with us. It is a factor in the 50-cent wheat and the 17-cent corn. The immediate panic is over, but the panic prices linger. What strange sentiment is this, that leads us to invite a repetition of that silver panic? What an hallucination to imagine that revival of the threat to reduce our money to the silver basis, with its menace to all values and to all business, will lead to an improvement in the prices of farm products! Gov. Boies is many years my senior in years; but I am many years his senior as a member of the Democratic party and in devotion to its principles. I claim, therefore, the right, as a Democrat, to protest against this strange doctrine of destruction and degradation."

The men of Mr. Baldwin's type abound in all the Northern States. They give to the Democratic party all the character that it possesses. They contribute ideas to the party councils and money to its campaigns without the hope or desire of personal reward. Cut them off, and the party becomes a derelict, like a ship without captain, crew, rudder, or sails. This seems to be the destiny of the party which claims descent from Jackson, Benton, and the other "gold-bugs" and anti-paper-money men of the thirties and forties, when, in fact, the party took its rise.

While we had hoped for something better as the result of the labors, the example, and the influence of the present Administration upon the party which elected it, and from the feeling of pride which is due to good work unselfishly performed, we can still find satisfaction in the prospect that all the cheap-money men, repudiators, Populists, anarchists, and Coxeyites are ranging themselves under one banner where they can all be raked by one fire.

EX-SENATOR HENDERSON ON McKINLEY.

ONE of the ablest and most respected Republicans of the day, ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri, in a long interview exhibiting sound notions about the currency, protests that he does not see why Mr. McKinley should be held responsible for "views expressed by him on questions of currency and coinage between 1873 and 1884." The answer is that Mr. McKinley's views on currency and coinage expressed between 1873 and 1884 have been fully confirmed by him, as late as September, 1894, and he refuses to say whether he holds them still or not. So that, by an inference based on all human experience, we are commenting on the views on these subjects which he holds at this hour. What a man said two years ago and refuses to withdraw now, he would, according to all rules of evidence, if he spoke, still say.

Mr. Henderson deplores Mr. McKinley's talk about silver between 1873 and 1884, but says Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Blaine and others prominent in public life talked the same way. But they talked wrong. Mr. Carlisle is not a candidate for the Presidency, nor is any of the others. We opposed Mr. Blaine for this reason, among others. It is no consolation to the nation to learn that the man whom it is about to put in its chief office had partners in his errors during ten years of his blundering and perversity. We do not blame Mr. McKinley for talking as wildly about currency as many other men did at the time. We simply say that it is dangerous to make him President. If he were not a candidate for the Presidency, all discussion of his financial views would be idle.

Mr. Henderson then proceeds to give an explanation of Mr. McKinley's aberrations. It appears, according to him, that all the foolish things McKinley said about silver were not said for silver, but for the tariff. At any rate, says he:

> "No declaration of his, at this later period, has been found that is not now susceptible,

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when critically examined, of construction favorable to the single gold standard and absolutely against free coinage. All the quoted declarations, to the effect that he 'favored silver to the extent that it could be maintained on a parity with gold,' mean nothing, in the light of subsequent history."

Now what is this extract from a speech of his delivered at Findlay, O., September 27, 1894?

"The Democratic party has been in control of every branch of the government since the 4th day of March, 1893. Its legislative branch has been in session for more than twelve months, yet it has given us no silver legislation whatever, except to strike down the Sherman law at its special session called for that purpose, and in response to the urgent recommendation of a Democratic President. The party that struck silver down, and gave it the severest blow it ever had, cannot be relied upon to give that metal honorable treatment."

This is his deliberate view expressed one year after the repeal of the Sherman act, which had delivered the country from a terrible panic, caused by the firm belief of all classes and conditions that a continuance of the purchases of silver under the act would end in placing us within a few weeks on a silver basis. Either he shared this belief or he did not. If he did not, he is clearly unfit to be President for want of intelligence. If he did, he is unfit to be President on account of his hypocrisy in 1894. It is to be remembered that while the country was waiting in great anxiety for the repeal, McKinley never said a word in its favor. His only utterance on that momentous occasion was a declaration that

"The silver product of the country, one of the most important we have, should not be discriminated against, but some plan should be devised for its utilization as a money which will insure, not the displacement of gold, but the safe and full use of both, as exchanges among the people."

He knew very well, or did not know, that, as we stood, the maintenance of silver at a par with gold depended on the ability of the Government to pay gold for all presented silver, and he knew, or did not know, that persistent purchases of silver would bring about the silver standard quite as effectively as free coinage. So that saying he was opposed to free coinage but in favor of continued purchases of silver, is like saying that he was in favor of tweedledum, but had set his face like flint against tweedledee. We must in charity suppose that when he talked about "not discriminating against the silver product of the country," he had not the least idea what he meant, but knew that it would be taken by the silver-men to mean something pleasant.

Mr. Henderson's explanation, as we have said, of McKinley's aberrations about silver, is that they were due to a combination with the silver-men to enable him to get his tariff bill through both houses, and did not express his real sentiments about the metal; that "he said no more in favor of silver than was necessary to enable him to hold the combination" together. This is substantially a confession that McKinley, while a member of Congress, was willing to assist in debasing the currency, if not in bringing on national bankruptcy, by agreement with the silverites, in order to procure the passage of a very high tariff. This sounds like a plea for pardon or indulgence for McKinley as a deluded but innocent member of the House; but, odd as it may seem, Mr. Henderson produces it as a reason why we should make him President of the United States. Any such combination was utterly disreputable. In the case of a man who had a clearer understanding of what he was doing, we should call it treason. It was the basest act a man could commit against the Government, short of levying war against it. But we have no proof whatever that he repents or even regrets it. We have many reasons for believing not only that he would do it again if he had a chance, but that he means to do it again the first chance he gets. Everything that has appeared in the McKinley newspapers and interviews goes to show their desire to treat the currency as subordinate to the tariff. Many articles to this effect have appeared in the New York *Tribune*. We may therefore fairly expect that one of the first acts of the next Congress will be to pass a high tariff bill by any means in its power, with McKinley's hearty approval. One of these means, and the only absolutely necessary one, will be another combination with the silverites. Without such a combination, such a bill cannot get through the Senate. The silverites know this and McKinley knows it, so that the situation next year will be exactly the same as in 1890, except that the coinage question will be much more dangerous and alarming. A high-tariff bill will get a majority on condition that the Republicans will "do something for silver." Quotations from the St. Louis platform at this juncture about "sound money" will have no more effect than the evening breeze. The agreement, whatever it is, will be carried out. They will "do something for silver."

Why do we think so? We think so because all the evidence within our reach shows that there are few or no real gold-men in the West. The best Republican organs in that region, such as the Detroit *Tribune*, show that the public mind there is not made up about the currency question. The Western men are still enamoured of the idea of keeping gold and silver on an equality. All that they have given up is the expectation that the famous "international agreement" will be reached. They still believe that, somehow or other, this keeping of gold and silver on an equality, this keeping of gold from leaving the country, can be accomplished by some legislation of our own; and such legislation will be tried, and they will have in McKinley a President who will favor the idea. Another reason for thinking so is that exertions are evidently being made already to procure the adoption of a "sound-money" platform simply at St. Louis, in the hope that some, like Mr. Henderson, will interpret "sound money" as meaning gold; others as meaning silver and gold in equal proportions; others as silver in some shape or other. In the use of such ambiguous phrases McKinley himself is past master, and the platform is already being manufactured. It is all but certain that the platform will contain some such "straddle," because there is an apparent determination not to speak of the "gold standard" at all, for fear of offending the West. There will be no gold-standard plank if the silver-men can help it, and they rely on bringing the poor gold-standard men into line by showing them the Democratic party, East and West, going "hell bent" for silver, leaving the Republican ranks the only place for a man to stand in with a ray of hope.

The probabilities are that the gold-men will be much affected by this reasoning. They will not insist on the mention of the gold standard, "ipsissimis verbis." They will be content with the phrase "sound money," and trust in Providence. The situation of business men at the East is already pretty desperate. Their business and credit are going to ruin before their eyes, and they will take a tariff and McKinley sooner than nothing. Things cannot be worse with them, and they may be better. For thirty years the Republican party, when bent on financial folly, has been stopped in its mad career by a firm, resolute, and well-informed President. One only has "wobbled," and that was Gen. Harrison. They are now, apparently, about to have one of the greatest wobblers in the country just where they want him. No more vetoes, Congress omnipotent, and a "combination" the order of the day. The prospect is glorious, but the end is certain.

A BISHOP AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Professor Huxley's death extinguished a vast amount of clerical envy, of which he, living, had been the object, and the hearty tributes paid his memory in many a pulpit and religious paper last July showed what a distance had been travelled since his famous set-to with Bishop Wilberforce. But another Bishop spoke at Leeds the other day in favor of the Huxley Memorial Fund, and his words are almost of themselves a memorial to Huxley. It was Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, and his address before the Leeds meeting betrayed the frankest acceptance of the spirit in which Huxley labored and the ends for which he strove. Dr. Carpenter did not content himself with praising Huxley's energy, his unflagging application, his powers of lucid exposition, and all that, but went to the core of the matter in saying, "I am here as a friend of knowledge, to do honor to one who enlarged its borders." To have done this was, in the Bishop's opinion, to have "added to the comforts, the joys, and the

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assurances of life." Nor did he leave room for the suspicion of the usual mental reservations. It was an essential part of manhood "to follow truth wherever it leads us. Religious truth, in one sense, must always wait on scientific truth, and religious truth must often change its form at the bidding and on the information of scientific truth."

How simple on those terms the "reconciliation of science and religion," at which so many have toiled painfully and in vain, appears! All you have to do is to treat adjacent and mutually influencing truths in those provinces just as you would in any other—that is to say, give full credit to each so far as the evidence for each warrants, and then adjust or harmonize the two, or make one give way before the other, as the laws of thought compel you. If we could believe that Bishop Carpenter in praising Huxley spoke for Christendom, or even for the Church of England, as authoritatively as Bishop Wilberforce did in baiting him, we should think that a great many chairs and lectureships in theological seminaries "on the relations of religion and science" would at once appear even more useless than they now do. At any rate, the Bishop of Ripon's position is the only one that can be successfully maintained; it is the only one from which the reconcilers have not already been driven.

We all know the successive stages through which the controversy has gone. The first one was marked by an air of confident superiority on the part of theology towards rising science. This superiority was first amused, then indignant, then severely anathematizing. Dr. Holmes, in his Life of Emerson, describes the conservative theologians of the day as standing about the young lecturer, like so many puzzled pointer dogs, uncertain what the strange game might be they had flushed. Something like that was the ecclesiastical attitude forty years ago towards evolution. Nothing quite so absurd had ever been heard of. Darwin was a rare jester. What, he was in earnest—had worked seventeen years before writing a line? Well, well, it was time the Church spoke out about this science falsely so called. Whatever vain imaginings these innovators might bring forth, theology had a more sure word of prophecy. If science was dangerous and wicked instead of being, as we supposed, merely laughable, it was time to warn our students against it.

But this stage could not and did not last very long. Theological students had a way then, as they have now, of perversely reading the very books their professors put in the *Index* for them. So there soon came in a new fashion—one which must still be called the reigning fashion. It is to be generously tolerant of science, but to insist that it keep to its own sphere. Science was all very well in its place, but, like Mr. Brooke and his pamphlets in 'Middlemarch,' it would never do to go too far in that sort of thing; you must see your danger in time and "pull up." Here came in the famous illustration which still lives to comfort many troubled hearts—the illustration of the "parallel tracks." There was the scientific train coming on under full steam, apparently bound to collide with the religious train going the other way, but lo! just as the crash was imminent you found they were on parallel tracks and could not touch each other. *Voilà tout!*

This parallel-track theory of religion and science has flourished long, but a great deal has had to be spent on it for repairs. Somehow a large number of switches have been surreptitiously built between the two tracks, and collisions have occurred in spite of the utmost care. Car-loads of Assyrian cylinders and Egyptian inscriptions have gone smashing into the Plenary Inspiration caboose; geological excursion-trains have recklessly jumped their own rails and telescoped the Mosaic-cosmogony special passing on the other track; the higher critics have unexpectedly thrown a switch, and at the same time thrown a train-load of dignified theologians into a miscellaneous and struggling heap of historians, philologists, and antiquarians. The parallel tracks have come to be, in fact, strewn with so many wrecks, and the expense and difficulty of keeping them in operation are growing yearly so great, that even some theologians are now thinking that a single track would have its advantages. The Bishop of Ripon, as we have seen, boldly declares for the single track.

Figures and levity aside, Dr. Carpenter's honest admission that much religious truth is only approximate and tentative in form, and that it must suffer change from age to age as new light comes, is one of great significance. It does not mean that science is to have everything its own way. Scientists have their own crude and passing theories which have to be abandoned. No one will be more ready than they to conceive of truth as a whole which grows slowly and by sloughing off many temporary accretions, only they insist upon considering it as a whole. They recognize no pigeon-holes in the mind for nicely assorted truths. Truth is one as reasoning is one. If theologians will only follow Bishop Carpenter's lead in going over to that position, it will prove a happy meeting-ground of science and religion.

THE PROTEST OF THE MOUNTAIN-LOVER.

WOODSTOCK, N. H., April 25, 1896.

To the American dweller in cities a summer vacation has come to be as necessary as black coffee after dinner; and New England has special inducements which tend to confirm the habit. Was it not a Boston lawyer who "could do a year's work in ten months, but not in twelve"? Is not New England flanked by two attractions which do not come close together anywhere else in the country, east of California—bold seacoast and picturesque mountains? Now that the "cottager" has quietly appropriated almost every quarter-mile of headland from Castine to Plymouth, and is seizing the best of the beaches, the excluded New Englander may turn backward to a region where no board fence can shut out his view; in the mountains nature has provided humanity with an exhaustless store of summer delights. Of the many advantages of the Berkshires and the Green and White Mountains, one is their accessibility. To Stockbridge or Bread Loaf or Franconia is but a seven or eight hours' journey from Boston, or a night's ride from New York; the railroads now push far up into the valleys, and from the station one steps into the wilderness. The camper still finds boughs, the hunter may expect game, and the fisherman may bag the little models of trout so scorned by the old inhabitant.

As for beauty of scenery, that philosopher of pessimism who avers that the outlines of American mountains are commonplace has never known Monadnock, or Ossipee, or Mansfield, or Lafayette. The sweep of the mountains is clad in forest. The streams recall the query of the Brookline child: "Papa, how can these White Mountain farmers afford to have such beautiful brooks for their little boys?" As for roads, where is there anything more delightful than the long, lazy, winding, shaded highways, smooth of surface, diversified by "thank-you-marms," and revealing fresh views every half-mile? Nor is this paradise a backwoods. Throughout the mountains are long-established hotels; less pretentious boarding-houses abound; and the knowing still visit and keep to themselves some of the real old-fashioned farmhouses, with hollyhocks in the front yard, green peas in the garden, and a brook into which one freely may tumble unawares.

To review some of the impressions gained from earlier visits, I am making this out-of season trip to one of the many New England mountain regions. The Pemigewasset valley is attractive at all seasons, even when the snow hangs on the upper mountain slopes. The Franconia range is beautiful in form, adorned with forests, abundant in water-courses. The whole region has for many years been growing in favor as a place of summer sojourn. Already fond of it, and predisposed to find it improved, I must own to a great disappointment. The glory of the mountains is departing, and the mountain-lover mourns.

The accommodations for visitors change little. To enter into the question of summer hotels might lead to a general survey of American civilization; our question is, simply: how far do the hotels provide for the reasonable desires of one who loves mountains? Their sites are usually well chosen, on George Washington's ingenuous principle: "It cannot be supposed that those who were first on the ground failed to secure the most eligible locations." Crawford's, Jefferson Highlands, Jackson, Sugar Hill, and notably the Profile House, have the best positions in the mountains. But why plant a lumber-yard in front of the Deer Park Hotel in North Woodstock, a laundry opposite the Profile House, and a stable vis-à-vis to the Flume House? Why, in all the mountains, is there no well-made, dry, easy footpath more than half a mile long to take advantage of these superb outlooks?

Take the Mount Lafayette range as an example. I have been trying to carry out a long-delayed purpose to climb it. Here is a beautiful mountain, Alpine in its upper reaches, only 3,300 feet higher than the Franconia Notch. Hundreds of people go up 3,300 feet from Zermatt to the Schwarzsee; how many climb La-

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fayette? Of course the hotels are not responsible for the snow which yesterday made the path a *nevé*, and thus held the adventurer back; but at least the snow filled up the track which Baedeker courteously calls "a steep bridle-path." No beast that was ever bridled could make his way up that steep, stony, rough watercourse, choked with fallen trees. An engineer's location, a little expenditure, a few benches, care to put all in order every year, a rest-house at the summit, would bring visitors to Franconia Notch. The principle of White Mountain hotel management was unconsciously furnished by the care-taker at the Flume House. He had no beverages, he said, except champagne and claret. The champagne and claret people climb no mountains; but why is there no consideration for the people (fifty times as numerous) who want their mountains unmixed with expensive civilization, and will pay their way modestly?

Several delightful drives had left in my mind the conviction that one of the most beautiful of all mountain roads was that from the Profile House to North Woodstock. To be sure, like all the White Mountain roads, it does not take advantage of its scenic opportunities; here are none of the rock galleries and flying-bridges which bring travellers leagues out of their way to see the Via Mala; and, considering the profit made by the hotels out of coaching, the roads about North Woodstock are very few: one goes north, two go south, none to the east, and a ridiculously steep and impracticable road to the west. One is struck by the long stretches of impenetrable forest in the White Mountains, and wishes for the powers of a Dictator of New Hampshire, to lay out a Cornice Road sweeping at the same level in and out of the recesses of the mountains, all around Lafayette, and so to Crawford's, and then a loop around the shoulders of the Presidential Range. One sees the high cottage sites, the waterfalls, the tunnels, the over-hanging cliffs, the coaches spinning past.

From this vision the mountain lover awakes to find that if Franconia Notch is a fair sample, the few existing roads are likely to be ruined. Who does not remember the sylvan drive from the Profile down to the Flume? The first stretch of four miles is still as wild and beautiful as ever. Then, all at once, we plunge into Whitehouse's hideous saw-mill town, planted athwart the limpid Pemigewasset, the houses dropped down in blocks like a child's toy village—but most unclean. From the big mill comes the shriek of the saws; and a slow-moving endless chain carries edgings and débris, to cast them into the stream. A continuous fire eats into the heap as it is made, and raises vain hopes that it may some time burn the mill. Below the village the buggy plunges into an infamous stretch of road.

> "If you'd seen these roads
> Before they were made,
> You would hold up your hands
> And bless General Wade,"

murmurs my companion. The highway of pleasant memories is cut down to the underlying boulders, broadened into quagmires, deepened into two feet of greasy mud, where six-horse teams struggle and flounder; then comes a dry half mile; then more "*bolge*," into which one longs to plunge the authors of this profanation. The road is to be "put in order" in May, but it never can be restored to its beauty, and every rain will make it a bog again.

For the present the gangs of the conspirators against the welfare of their State have not destroyed the views; Whitehouse is said to have twenty years' work before him. You may still sit on your piazza and possess the mountains. But as the slopes are stripped of all the large trees, the dead and gnarled trunks will stand out, a jagged horror; and the sawdust so liberally distributed in the streams is good neither for trout nor for the temper.

Yet "people must live," and no one grudges a starving land-owner's cutting a tree to buy bread. We are accustomed also to see our cities made ugly, that there may be work for the willing. The pity of this process of "uglification" is that it threatens eventually to impoverish the countryside. No one supposes that the profits on the heavy investments in the upper Pemigewasset are more than $100,000 a year; and when the forests are stripped there will be no more work; the mill villages will go to ruin, and the summer visitor will flee. If the same capital were invested in making the country attractive to people of moderate means, in building roads, paths, outlooks, and inns, 3,000 additional visitors might be drawn, who would leave with somebody a profit of thirty dollars each, and the profit would increase from year to year. Self-interest is not an effective motive in the White Mountains.

Here at Woodstock our roads are safe and the countryside unspoiled. Four miles north is the village of North Woodstock, intended by nature to be the centre of a summer community. The village is not made attractive; no good paths or drives lead to the neighboring mountains and waterfalls; the best road for driving is ruined. The town is so helpless that it lets the lumbermen destroy its most valuable asset—the road to the Profile House—without even a hearty grumble. If the people had a coal seam, nobody could prevent their working it; as it is only a beautiful combination of mountain, valley, hill, and plain, they let their heritage slip away.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

AN IMPENITENT REPUBLICAN.

ITALY, May 16, 1896.

ANOTHER of Italy's grand old heroes has passed away at Mentone. A Milanese, like Carlo Cattaneo and Giuseppe Ferrari, Enrico Cernuschi was the arm, as Cattaneo was the head, of that first great uprising of March, 1848, which shook the Austrian dominion to its foundations and would have succeeded in expelling the foreigners from Italian soil but for the timidity of the moderate faction, the letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would" policy of Carlo Alberto and his counsellors. Before even Cattaneo could bring himself to decide on calling the unarmed populace to attack the 16,000 Austrians armed to the teeth within the city, Cernuschi unsheathed his sword in Broletto, shouting, "War! war!" He dictated three decrees to the Governor, O'Donnell, and stood over him till he signed them; transported the city government from unsafe to safe quarters, improvised barricades in the twinkling of an eye, became the idol of the people and the nightmare of the aristocracy. Appointed member of the council of war, he insisted on opening the dispatches which friends of the enemy tried to smuggle through as private messages, refused all offers of armistice, and fought till the end of the third day, when the last Austrian quitted Milan.

One of Cernuschi's expedients during the Milanese revolution will always be remembered in his native city. The insurgents were in possession of the suburbs and followed up the foe, harassing them in their flight. In order to keep up communications with the interior, Cernuschi organized the *Martinitt*, the orphan children dressed in the garb of their asylum, and hence easily recognized and allowed to cross the barricades and pass the gates, which they did with such dexterity and courage that he always remembered them, last year sent them $20,000, and has left them other $40,000 in his will. As he vehemently opposed the humble dedication of the city to Charles Albert, and refused to call on the people to desist from the pursuit of the foe, the members of the provisional government first calumniated, then arrested him for pretended participation in a demonstration, and in a public proclamation "trusted that the trials initiated would reveal who among the rioters were merely misled by others who had been *bribed with Austrian gold*. After four days of detention in one of the bolzas, the criminal tribunal found that "he had fallen under suspicion, owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances," and he was released clear of all charge. One of the many proclamations that he issued and signed shows the moral tone of the lion-hearted youth. The people were hot upon spies and the wretched police agents who had sent so many patriots to the Spielberg.

> "No! fellow-citizens," he wrote, "let our victory be stainless. Let us not demean ourselves by taking vengeance on the satellites whom their fugitive masters have abandoned in our hands. It is true that for thirty years they have been the scourge of our families. But be you generous as you have been valorous."

Save in fair fight not a drop of blood was shed.

Cernuschi opposed the *fusion* as inopportune, calculated to give the Pope and the King of Naples and Duke of Tuscany the excuse they wanted for withdrawing their troops from the "Holy War," now transformed to a struggle for the annexation of a province. When even hope was lost, he still fought on vigorously to the very last, sped to Switzerland to secure a quantity of muskets, then, refusing to recognize the capitulation, did his best to persuade Griffini to hold the line of the Adda, and was with Garibaldi fighting against desperate odds until he also was compelled to quit Italian soil. He then went to Tuscany and thence to Rome, where again he taught the defenders the "art of barricades." He had been one of the opponents of the watchword *L'Italia farà da se*, and would have had Italy accept the assistance of republican France against the Austrians in Lombardy; hence, the conduct of the French Assembly in supporting the fugitive Pope and assailing Rome came upon him as a bitter disillusion which augmented his determination to resist invasion to the uttermost. But when all chance of saving Rome was over, to prevent useless bloodshed, instead of accepting either of Mazzini's proposals to the Assembly to resist to the uttermost, or to carry the war into the provinces, he put the following motion: "The Assembly desists from a defence that has become impossible and remains at its post." After summoning Garibaldi and the other military chiefs, who all confirmed the "impossibility" of further resistance, as the French were in possession of the city, the Assembly decreed the cessation of hostilities—unanimously but for one vote, Mazzini's, who bitterly reproached Cernuschi.

Cernuschi remained when most of the other leaders had quitted Rome. The French commanders, attributing the scornfully hostile attitude of the entire Roman population towards themselves to his influence, arrested him on the charge of exciting the Romans against the

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French, of leading them to sack and destroy the Villa Medici, the Farnese Palace, etc., and shut him up in the Castle of St. Angelo, and, after six months' detention, summoned him before a council of war. Refusing counsel, he made a magnificent defence, or, rather, a defence of Italy and of Italians, who "had defended, and would ever defend, native soil against all foreign invaders. You call me, you call them anarchists—the word is in vogue just now; but you simply do not know us. For myself, I am a man of order, a practical man, as the English say; *un homme sérieux*, as the French have it." The verdict of the military judges absolved him from all charges, but, the public prosecutor appealing, he was detained another six months in prison, again tried, found innocent, and sent in a French man-of-war to Toulon. His letters during and after his imprisonment to Cattaneo and to Bertani are some of the most original and amusing that I have ever read.

Head of a large family of orphan brothers and sisters, as their fortune had been diminished during the revolution, and Henry's portion sequestrated by the Austrians, he set to work as an engineer; later he entered the Crédit-Foncier, associating with the anti-imperial republican Parisians. From the first he marked his antipathy to communists and socialists, but took vast interest in the social progress of the working-classes, and founded a coöperative society for the sale of meat. A Milanese exile put $20,000 into the concern, which failed entirely, as most coöperative slaughter houses and butchers' stores have failed, even in England. The very first moment he became possessed of such a sum he insisted on refunding the $20,000 to his friend Marquis Arconati.

When in 1859 the Franco-Sardinian war against Austria was proclaimed, he denounced it as immoral and fatal to Italy's future. Cavour, who had a special hatred of all Lombard republicans, especially federalists, denounced him in Parliament, and in his memorable reply Cernuschi gave him a Roland for his Oliver. He took no part in the war of 1866, and affirmed in 1867 that he would never assist monarchy to take possession of Rome. When in 1870 the appeal to universal suffrage was made in France, he gave the republicans $20,000 for their propaganda, and for this was expelled from France by the Emperor. After the fall of the Empire he returned to Paris, and, as a protest against the proclamation of "One Italy, with Rome for its capital, under Victor Emanuel and his successors," he renounced his Italian citizenship and was naturalized a subject of the French Republic. Bertani reproached him bitterly, but kept his affection and esteem for him to the last. During the German siege, he was the providence of the Parisians, spent freely of his wealth (large even then), and, when the Communists got the upper hand, remained there, doing his utmost to save the hostages and restrain violence, and came near losing his life for his attempt to save Deputy Chaudet.

For some years he travelled in China, Japan, and Egypt, bringing home vast treasures of antiquity. His magnificent villa in Avenue Velasquez, Parc Monceau, was open to all his countrymen, moderates or liberals. The Ambassador Ressmann was a frequent guest, but Cernuschi never set foot in the official residence of the Italian King's ambassador. Regarded as one of the greatest financiers and economists of the day, he was intrusted with various financial operations and made an immense fortune, but never was a single accusation of indelicacy, still less of dishonest speculation, brought against him. As an economist, his campaign in favor of bimetallism will long be remembered in England and the United States. In 1884 he visited Italy, avoiding Milan and Rome, "preferring to retain the memory of the scenes of his youthful exploits and vanished hopes intact." At Mantua he was welcomed by Achille Sacchi, Garibaldi's "fighting doctor," visited Orsini's prison and the art treasures contained in the city. At Bologna, Giosuè Carducci, and Frati, the head librarian, were his ciceroni, and to the museums and libraries of the city he was munificent. Just after his return to Paris the Italian press attacked him violently on monetary, economical, and political questions, and one noted moderate paper called him "an out and-out bad Italian," which led to the publication of a generous vindicatory letter signed by Carducci, Frati, Giovanni Castellani, the celebrated patriot and antiquarian, and Prof Tullio Martello. When, in 1890 during Crispi's first ministry, the general elections took place, he sent 100,000 lire to the republican association for propaganda and for the expenses of republican candidates, and never in this classic land of calumny and vituperation were attacks as virulent or as unjust made. The Government might spend hundreds of thousands of public money, use threats, promises, bestow rank and office to insure the success of its candidates, but a republican must not give money of his own for the spread of a principle which was dearer than his life.

It was in the spring of the following year that I went to Paris by appointment to visit Cernuschi in his beautiful Italian villa, with the medallions of Aristotle and Leonardo da Vinci over the entrance. With visions of the youthful hero in memory, I was hardly prepared for the austere, venerable aspect of the grand old man, with his long, thick, silver hair; but the bright, liquid eyes, the peculiar sweetness of the full, parted lips, were there as in his youth. "Welcome to the widow of the staunch federal republican whose dauntless courage, blameless life, and stern adhesion to his principles to the end make him an example to his countrymen," he said. The object of my visit was to lay before him the sorrowful fact that neither Bertani, Mario, nor myself had been able to find an editor or a band of the "master's" pupils to publish Cattaneo's letters and political writings which three successive deaths had left on my helpless hands. He offered at once to pay an editor, on condition that during his lifetime I should keep his name a secret, which (with the exception of three friends named) I agreed to do. Two volumes have appeared and pleased "the vanished eye." The third and last is in course of preparation. The details of that interview are too fresh in memory to be narrated to-day, when his remains are journeying from Mentone, not to Milan, but to Paris, there to be cremated and to remain, how long, O Italy, how long?

J. W. M.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 6, 1896.

IF fidelity to tradition were always a virtue, the Royal Academy would be beyond reproach. Year after year, it perseveres in maintaining its reputation for mediocrity; year after year it covers its walls with the regulation number of inept or incompetent canvases, relieved here and there by the genuine work of an artist, which seems the more marvellous or charming because of the contrast. Change is the last thing expected of so conservative a body. Indeed, so little is the slightest variation looked for, in either the Academy's policy or the quality of its exhibition, that this spring almost a sensation has been created by the action of the hanging committee in rejecting two men who, for some time past, have been the most honored of outside exhibitors. But two years since, Mr. Tuke's was the principal picture bought for the Chantrey collection; a conspicuous place on the line, hitherto, has always been found for Mr. Furse's portraits. And now, both Mr. Furse and Mr. Tuke are among the rejected, and the reported reason is the failure of each, in the eyes of the committee, to come up to his own standard of merit—the Academy suddenly showing a misjudged paternal concern for the progress of individual contributors.

This, and other vagaries of the hanging committee, whose one endeavor, evidently, has been to produce as many discords as possible in the given space, have made most talk among artists and art critics. And really, it is well that there should be something to talk about, for the pictures themselves are no great stimulus to enthusiasm or discussion. It may be that the Academy wears a gayer aspect than usual. Here and there is a faint reflection of the light that shines from the walls of the Champ-de-Mars Salon: two, at least, of the younger associates, Mr. Solomon and Mr. Hacker, do their best to out-dazzle everything in their vicinity—the one, with an iridescent Venus, the other with a theatrical nun choosing between the cloister and the world, while, apparently, the lime-light is well turned on from the wings. Here and there, too, are signs of a bewildered realization that sham symbolism or mysticism is just now in fashion, and very amazing and disastrous are the results. But technical fireworks and scrupulous adherence to fashion are not guarantees of good work, and the pictures of distinction are, as they ever must be, those which bid least clamorously for a day's notoriety.

A special and largely sentimental interest is attached to the "Clytie" of Sir Frederick Leighton. He was working upon it immediately before his death, and it is a pleasure to find that his last canvas is one of the best he has shown for many years. The goddess, her golden green drapery falling about her, her arms outstretched in prayer, is kneeling by a small altar, in the strong glow of the setting sun; for background there is a vague brown hillside and a tremendous overhanging canopy of golden cloud; and perhaps because, according to Sir Frederick Leighton's method, the painting is still unfinished, it has more of the breadth and freshness and vigor of his sketches, less of the waxiness and characterless smoothness and polish of his pictures. With something of the same sentimental interest one turns to the work of the new President, Sir John E. Millais, whom one always remembers as the great master he once was. He has two or three portraits which can be passed in silence, and a picture called "A Forerunner," presumably John the Baptist, which is repellent in its muddy color, prosaic in its treatment; but, at least, the slim brown figure, with the leopard skin around his loins, makes an effective silhouette against the shadows of a little wood, and is so well placed in the composition that it recalls some of the artist's earlier and nobler performances.

However, it is more encouraging to consider the work of the younger men—work which de-

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pends upon no sentimental issue for its importance. The recent elections have made so great a difference that now, curiously enough, most of the notable contributions come actually from within the academic ranks. If I except two very lovely studies of sea and sand—exquisite color fantasies—by Mr. William Stott, the most striking pictures are by Academicians or Associates. You have but to look to the portraits to find Mr. Sargent supreme, though Mr. Sargent, it must be admitted, is far from being at his best. His "Mr. Chamberlain" is, no doubt, the *clou*—to borrow the French word—of the Academy. But this is due rather to South Africa than to the painter. The pose is commonplace, even photographic. The Colonial Minister stands by his desk; his left hand, which grasps a bundle of papers, resting upon it. The long expanse of immaculate frock coat, the orchid in the buttonhole, the high light on the trousers knee, all divide attention with the head, which, one cannot but think, failed to appeal to Mr. Sargent, so perfunctory is his rendering of it. On the other hand, in the "Portrait of a Lady," he shows one of the really beautiful women he seems, as a rule, so reluctant to paint. It is a full length, and the figure, in white evening gown and a cape of vivid cherry falling from the shoulders, stands in front of a dark, deep-toned Japanese screen. The arrangement is very simple, recalling the "Countess Clary Aldringen" in the New Gallery; but the face has charm and elegance, the pose distinction, and the whole figure is brushed in with spirit and the gayety of the painter sure of his effect. There is nothing to compare to this among the portraits, which, I should add, are of more than usual insignificance. There are two or three exceptions—for one, Mr. Orchardson's large "Provost of Glasgow," a masterpiece in the refined rendering of accessories, of an embroidered table-cloth, an Eastern carpet, but with a white head that detaches itself and fairly leaps at you from the subdued background; possibly in the place which the picture is designed to fill the light may remedy the fault which now seems so glaring. M. Benjamin Constant is represented, but he brings with him only the more accomplished commonplace of the Champs Élysées. There is a strange pale-brown portrait of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor, by Mr. Watts. Mr. Lavery, Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. Loudan contribute, but they make, for them, an indifferent showing—the result partly of the bad hanging.

When it comes to the subject pictures, honors lie with Mr. Abbey, who unquestionably has achieved a well-deserved success with his "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne," a marked advance upon any and all of the paintings he has as yet exhibited. The scene chosen is the second in the first act of "Richard III.," and, as reminder, the quotation,

> "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd,
> Was ever woman in this humour won!"

is printed in the catalogue. Across the background the funeral procession stretches—at one end the catafalque rich in heraldic ornament, at the other a sea of faces as far as eye can reach. The black cloaks of the figures, broken by the narrow strip of red lining in their hoods and the red staves of their inverted halberds, present a strong, stirring arrangement of color, repeated in the long black train of the Lady Anne and the red robes of Gloucester, where they stand in front of the procession. It is evident that Mr. Abbey has learned much while at work on the Galahad series, for he seems, in the composition and grouping, to understand decorative limitations and requirements more fully than ever before. That he meant to treat the scene decoratively is clear, since he has made no attempt to introduce light or atmosphere, but has carried it out with a certain flatness appropriate to mural decoration. It therefore seems to me a mistake to have treated the two principal figures realistically and dramatically. Their realism is inconsistent with the general scheme; they break the harmony of the design. But, despite this defect, the picture will make one look forward more keenly to the second portion of the Galahad series.

If there were space, I should like to speak in detail also of the "Pandora," by Mr. Waterhouse; a charming little "Sirens," by Mr Swan; an old-masterish arrangement of the nude by Mr. Watts, the "Infancy of Jupiter"; Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Judgment of Paris." These all have merit, and are a welcome relief from the conscientious naturalism of men like Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Frank Bramley, who waste their knowledge in accurate records of farm-yard incidents, not beautiful in themselves, though the artist who aimed at being something more than a human camera could give them beauty.

It is Mr. Clausen, another of the newer Associates, who excels in landscape. Instead of the midsummer brilliancy which has so often inspired him, this year he has found a motive in the gray melancholy of early dawn, "Bird-Scaring, March." It is a difficult effect to render, for sad and cold as is the gray light, it can be tender and soft as well. Mr. Clausen has managed to suggest both the coldness and the tenderness; pale mists lie lightly on his chilled fields and distant hills, and envelop, as with phantom foliage, the lonely trees that rise, in ghostly shadows, from the grayness. One pale rift of yellow light shows in the east. In the foreground stands the little human scarecrow, cold and sad as the hour, but with something of tragedy in his Millet-like pose that redeems his ragged ugliness and brings him into sympathy with the scene. There is no other landscape quite so subtle and dignified as this But Mr. Arthur Lemon here, as at the New Gallery, has delightful and quite individual impressions of Italian landscape. There is a very stately "Pastoral" by Mr. Alfred East, who, in it, strives less obviously and more successfully to be poetic than is his wont. Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. David Murray, Mr. North, the contemporary of Fred. Walker and Pinwell, and Mr. La Thangue, all contribute intelligent and legitimately impressive work. Among the marines, Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Great Mirror" would probably be conspicuous, had not an irresponsible hanging committee seen fit to sky it. Mr. Bridgman's "Pharaoh's Captives" has not been much more fairly treated. It is easy to understand why distinguished foreigners so seldom seek to exhibit at Burlington House.

I have not left myself space to say how good the sculpture is. Mr. Alfred Gilbert again proves himself the master in a jewel like statuette of "St. George," in aluminium, touched with gold and ivory. It is a perfect little piece of modelling; the metal being used for the armor, the ivory for face and hands, to produce an admirable effect of color. Mr. Harry Bates, an Associate, has his equestrian statue of Lord Roberts, a commission for Calcutta. It is so large that it was found necessary to erect it in the court-yard, much to its advantage. The figure sits well upon the horse and is full of dignity, while the pedestal is decorated with a very spirited bas-relief, representing artillery and cavalry in action. One regrets that the monument must go from London, a city so unfortunate, always, in the statues set up in its streets and parks. A series of little colored bas-reliefs by Mr. George Frampton, and a casket in silver and enamel by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, are treated with that fine feeling for decorative beauty that distinguishes the work of many of the younger sculptors.

Water colors and black-and-white receive the scant courtesy which is their accustomed portion. Mr. E. A. Walton, one of the Glasgow men, introduces an unexpected romantic note in the water color room, with a couple of fantastic studies of heads, one of which he frankly calls "Romance." And in the black-and white room Mr. Abbey makes an appearance—the first step, it is to be hoped, toward his championship of the illustrator's art in the Academy, which has so persistently disdained it.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE SUGAR BOUNTY AND THE COMPTROLLER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A paragraph in your last issue about the bounty decision conveys an erroneous impression as to the position of the Comptroller with regard to it. The Comptroller is not, in any sense, an inferior officer, but has been, since Hamilton's time in practice and since 1868 by express statute, the superior of the Secretary and of all the Cabinet officers in rulings on claims and matters of account. Moreover, he never rejected the claim, but referred it to the Court of Claims to advise him as to its constitutionality, also under a statute of 1868. He expressed his own opinion on the matter merely as explanation of delaying the claim in this way, but carefully avoided deciding it.

The trouble about the current newspaper view of the case is its tendency to scare Comptrollers in future out of exercising their statutory power to refer doubtful constitutional questions to the court—a thing constantly done by the Comptrollers of the State and city of New York. It is idle to talk about the constitutional decisions of the President in signing appropriation bills. He cannot examine the constitutionality of a hundredth part of the stuff that is dumped on him at the close of a session. The Comptroller is the man provided by Congress to decide whether claims shall be paid without litigation or referred to the courts.

Justice.

Washington, D. C., May 29, 1896.

SOUTHERN PAUPERS AND RACES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In this county of Decatur, Georgia, with a population of nearly 30,000 (the blacks and whites being about equal), there are at present in the one poor-house of the county but five inmates—one man and four women—all white. Besides this, about twenty-seven people, mostly white, receive out-of-door relief. During the past three years eight has been the largest number of inmates at one time, of whom two were black. In ten half-years' residence here I have seen but one tramp and no white beggar; nor black, for that matter, unless one counts the willingness of nearly the whole race to accept gifts, and to expect them for slight

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service, or none, as allied to begging. It is, however, essentially different, for the asking is always from some colored person one knows, and some service in return is usually implied, and, indeed, often generally rendered. The number of foreigners in the whole population is not much greater than the number of paupers, and they are mostly Jews.

The white people in this county are quite poor compared with the North or West, and the blacks are ten times poorer than the whites. Nearly all are engaged in agriculture. Here is an opportunity for sociological study presented nowhere else in the world. The semi-tropical climate and the presence of the blacks, lately slaves, have made our South in many ways more different from the North than England is. The cost of living here is, I believe, less than in any other highly civilized country.

T. B. Brooks.

Bainbridge, Ga., May 25, 1896.

A LESSENING OF DIFFICULTIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There has recently come to my notice an instance of plagiarism which has not been exposed, so far as I know, or received the censure that it deserves because of its boldness and magnitude, as well as because of the circumstances under which it occurred. The theft to which I wish to call public attention through the columns of the *Nation* is to be found in a monograph entitled 'Public Lands and Agrarian Laws of the Roman Republic,' by Andrew Stephenson, Ph.D., Professor of History in Wesleyan University. This monograph is one of the series of Johns Hopkins Studies in Historical and Political Science, and it was published in Baltimore in 1891.

According to the author's own statement, he has "earnestly endeavored to lessen the difficulties" which surround Roman agrarian legislation, and his reason for writing the work "is found in the fact that agrarian movements have borne more or less upon every point in Roman constitutional history, and a proper knowledge of the former is necessary to a just interpretation of the latter." A book which appears under such auspices and with such a purpose should have particular value. It should contribute to our information upon the subject: failing this, it should at least be original in treatment and accurate in statement. Consequently, one is surprised to find that a third of the book is merely a translation, almost verbatim, from a treatise on the same subject published in Paris in 1846, and entitled "Des lois agraires chez les romains," by M. A.-P.-L. Macé—of whom, it should be said, not the slightest mention is made anywhere in the course of the work.

The indebtedness of Prof. Stephenson begins in his preface, and it extends through an aggregate of thirty pages, found in various sections of the book. The closeness with which he follows M. Macé may be seen from the following passages:

"The other peoples, admitted merely to the Jus Italicum, did not enjoy the civil or political rights of Roman citizens, nor any of the privileges of Latin allies: at best they kept some souvenirs of their departed independence in their interior administration, but otherwise were considered as subjects of Rome." (Stephenson, p. 53.)

"Mais les autres peuples, soumis seulement au Jus Italicum, n'avaient aucun des droits civils ou politiques des citoyens romains, aucun des privilèges des alliés latins; tout au plus, leur avait-on laissé quelques souvenirs de leur ancienne indépendance dans l'administration intérieure. Pour tout le reste, ils étaient considérés comme les sujets de Rome." (Macé, p. 263.)

Further, an interesting comparison may be made between an expression of M. Macé (p. 279), "le 7 des calendes de juillet," and Prof. Stephenson's translation of the same (p. 63), "the 7th of the calends of July." This seems to be a rather unusual rendering of the Latin "VII calendas sextiles," which is cited in a foot-note to substantiate his statement. It affords an excellent illustration of Prof. Stephenson's methods. Apparently his researches did not extend much beyond M. Macé's book so long as that was available; in his blind following of M. Macé he out-Livys one of Livy's worst faults.

With such passages in mind, the earnestness of Prof. Stephenson's attempt to "lessen the difficulties" of his subject, and also his ability to accomplish this task, may reasonably be questioned. His monograph, as it stands, is little more than juvenile in character. Plagiarism is but one of its faults—the most reprehensible fault. As a compilation, it does not have the merit of being smoothly and skilfully made. The book might have been valuable and useful, but the result of Prof. Stephenson's work is quite otherwise.

Thornton Jenkins.

Cambridge, Mass., May 29, 1896.

A HARD CASE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last June I read in your columns an advertisement from Brown University, which announced that a prize of $200 would be given for the best essay written upon one of several stated subjects. It was further stated that the competing theses must be "placed in the hands of the President of Brown University on or before May 1st, 1896."

I have accordingly been investigating one of the given subjects during the past winter. The thesis which I wrote upon it I sent by express to Providence on the morning of Friday, May 1, and was assured that it would be delivered there on the same day.

On Monday, May 4, the thesis was returned to me with a note from President Andrews saying, "Your manuscript arrived only this *morning, too late to be available in the competition*, according to our advertisement." Inquiry at the express office showed that the package reached Providence at 3:50 P. M. on Friday, and was taken to the college that afternoon, but was not then delivered because the college office was closed. It was, however, delivered on the morning of Saturday, May 2, and a receipt obtained for it.

I sent this statement to President Andrews. He made no offer to accept the thesis, but sent me the following answer: "Upon inquiry I find that the expressman brought your manuscript to my college office between 6 and 7 P. M. on May 1st. Our business office hours close at 6." A. L. Crocker.

Cambridge, May 30, 1896.

Notes.

Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, name August for the date of issue of the first volume of their proposed republication of the Jesuit Relations, as already announced by us. There will be but 750 sets printed, direct from the type, and subscriptions must include the entire series. The rate of publication will be one volume monthly. The Relations will be set partly from careful transcripts and partly from originals, and the original pagination, though not observed, will be noted throughout. French compositors will be employed upon the French text, and special punches have been cut for some peculiar phonetic type of the original. The translation will be as literal as possible, and will be the work of John Cutler Covert, assisted by Mary Sifton Pepper and others. Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, will have editorial direction. The volumes will number some sixty, at $3.50 each.

'Child Observations,' made on a very large scale by the students of the State Normal School at Worcester, Mass., and edited by Ellen M. Haskell, is announced by D. C. Heath & Co.

D Appleton & Co. will publish immediately 'Maggie,' by Stephen Crane, and in the autumn his 'Little Regiment.'

'The Way They Loved at Grimpat: Village Idyls,' by E. Rentoul Esler, is in the press of Henry Holt & Co.

A translation of Gabriele D'Annunzio's 'Episcopo and Company,' by Myrta Leonora Jones, will be published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, have in preparation for the fall 'The Ambassador of Christ,' by Cardinal Gibbons.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is about to issue a new edition of Mr. Robinson's 'Catalogue of Casts from Greek and Roman Sculpture,' thoroughly revised by the author. Many of the descriptions have been entirely rewritten, to embody the results of recent investigations, and thirty-six new numbers are included, as well as a second index, arranged according to the places in which the originals of the casts are at present exhibited. The book will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A new Danish translation of the 'Heimskringla' is announced. The translator is Dr. Winkel Horn, who is at present engaged on a translation of Saxo, and who is known to English readers through his History of Scandinavian Literature. The work will be accompanied by a number of illustrations by the Norwegian artist, Louis Moe.

Mr. H. W. Lucy's "diaries" of Parliament are now extended by his 'Diary of the Home Rule Parliament, 1892-1895' (Cassell). We find here the same humor, grateful condensation, compressed information, with swift limning of dramatic scenes and historic moments, that rendered famous the volumes which preceded this one. For its incidental records of bills and votes and sittings, the book is handy for reference. Mr. Lucy's personal affection for Lord Randolph Churchill inclines him to make that fallen meteor the hero of the volume—though he was most decidedly a *Hamlet* left out of the play in the Parliament covered.

In both the plan and the execution of Mr. W. T. Brewster's 'Studies in Structure and Style' (Macmillan) we find much to praise and nothing of any account to blame. The volume is intended to furnish supplementary work to the English studies of the freshman year—work in the analysis of English prose. Froude, Stevenson, John Morley, Arnold, Bryce, Ruskin, and Newman are the authors studied in extracts; and for the most part they are represented in their perspicacious rather than their brilliant moods. Mr. Brewster's studies are practical, and adapted to the needs of his audience. Logical structure a freshman can be brought to analyze, and with endless good to himself. Of style the more obvious excel-

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lences, those particularly of fresh and definite diction, he can be led to see; but Mr. Brewster evidently knows the nature of the freshman, and refrains from trying to persuade him of refinements. Not the least merit of the book is the absence from the text of a swarm of reference-figures, those gnats of the student soul. But even this kind of book ought to be indexed.

For students there is much important matter in the 'Biological Lectures Delivered at the Marine Biological Laboratory of Wood's Holl in the Summer Session of 1893' (Boston: Ginn & Co.). It treats, in lines more or less special, but in some degree comparative, of evolution, influence of surroundings, fertilization of the ovum, the cell, development, morphology, and kindred subjects. The different authors of the various chapters, ten in all, rank high as authorities in their particular departments, and these writings fix the present status of science in regard to their specialties, thus furnishing points of departure for the determination of advances and rates of progress. The essays are monographical, and consequently are of especial importance to those studying the same or related subjects, while to biologists in general they are welcome as works of reference. Aside from their direct stimulus to thought, they indirectly incite to research through an evident lack of agreement in the conclusions accepted. A reader, after perusal, is likely to decide from this that there is something unsettled in the foundations of our scientific beliefs.

The 'Biological Lectures and Addresses' delivered by the late Arthur Milnes Marshall, M.A., M.D., and edited by C. F. Marshall, M.D. (London: David Nutt; New York: Macmillan), are mainly summaries from various special researches arranged for popular lectures. Each of the thirteen is complete in itself. All of them relate to biology; yet through such topics as the modern study of zoology, animal pedigrees, the cell theory, death, embryology as an aid to anatomy, the recapitulation theory, and the like, they include a considerable amount of variety. The author was an investigator, and, in preparing his material, has evidently made studies of his subjects, canvassing the fields thoroughly and verifying whenever necessary to a proper understanding. His essays, consequently, have the vitality and enthusiasm of records of original work, though they are comparatively free from the technicalities or the confusion of detail. Their subjects being those claiming most attention at the present, they form attractive reviews, and at the same time are well adapted for entertaining those who have given little thought to such things. Outlines of theories, methods, accomplishments, purposes, and needs in science fill the book with attractive reading-matter.

'Mlle. Huguette' (Paris: Colin & Cie.) is one of those books written especially for young girls, and *blanc* enough to satisfy the longing of Sarcey's soul—a perfectly justifiable longing, by the way. It has also the advantage of having been written by Gabriel Franay, whose 'Mon Chevalier' was crowned by the French Academy. There, however, the advantages stop, for the book is somewhat too sentimental, somewhat too *blanc* and too young-girlish. The heroine is a very self-conscious young person who would fain be considered artless, guileless, and all the rest of it, but who is very full of her importance, her looks and a sham belief (which she does not really entertain for a moment) that she is old and doomed to be an old maid.

In 'Une Cour et un Aventurier au 18e siècle: le baron de Ripperda' (Paris: Leroux), M. Gabriel Syveton has given the fruit of much research and reading concerning this minister of Philip V. of Spain, who negotiated the double marriage of the Infanta of Spain and the Archduchess of Austria. Ripperda is proved to have been an active agent rather than a great patriot. The whole question, however, has always been beset with obscurity and difficulties, most of which have been cleared away by M. Syveton, who has ransacked archives and official files with such success as to unearth the "very secret" treaty negotiated by Ripperda.

M. René Doumic, who is steadily gaining ground as a critic, has brought out his sixth volume in this line of work. It is called 'Études sur la littérature française' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), is announced as the first of a series, and is composed of articles contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. These articles are reviews of books serving as a theme for the development of M. Doumic's ideas. The more noteworthy papers are those on "L'Opéra et la Tragédie," in which another cause of the decadence of the latter form is stated and discussed, and "Diderot," an author whose claims to fame and influence are heavily discounted by the critic.

It may be worth while, although a little late, to mention that a very interesting correspondence between Auguste Comte and Gustave d'Eichthal, carried on during a long visit which the latter made to Germany in the years 1824-1825, has been printed in the *Revue Occidentale*. These letters between the great Positivist teacher and a young disciple only twenty years of age, and full of an ardent enthusiasm (which rises even to the point of passion) for Comte's general ideas and for sociology, form a valuable contribution to the biography of Auguste Comte and to the history of Positivism. The date of the number of the review—the conventional date—is March 1 of the present year. Perhaps it will not seem so very long ago if the real date is given, which is 5. *Aristote*, 108.

In the just issued report of the State Geologist for New Jersey for 1895, popular interest pertains to the sections on the development of artesian wells in the southern part of the State, and on forest areas and forest fires. Mr. C. C. Vermeule's report of progress on forestry in northern New Jersey confirms the well established fact of an equilibrium between cutting and repair in that section, and uses this fact (observable for a long period) to impugn the common belief that deforesting has caused the drying-up of once navigable, or more navigable, streams. Mr. Vermeule shows that temperature (through its effect on evaporation) is a much more important factor, and that since 1870 we have been in a generally droughty period. Even the great floods of recent years have had their match at earlier periods. All we can say is, that "heavier-forested catchments furnish a steadier flow, better sustained during dry periods," and suffer rather less from severe floods. Mr. Vermeule's studies have shown him that there is less disposition to destroy and waste the forests on the part of our native rural population than of "the immigrant population from countries where the control and management of forests is, on the whole, far superior to our own methods." This was naturally to be expected in the removal from such control to perfect license.

An encouraging account of the growth of the Providence Public Library, in both size and usefulness, is given in the annual report for 1895, the eighteenth, of the efficient librarian, Mr. W. E. Foster. In an appendix is an interesting table showing the use of fiction in thirty-nine libraries, from which it appears that in eleven the percentage is over 80 per cent., in seventeen it is over 70 per cent., in eight over 60 per cent., and in three it is over 50 per cent. Several large libraries, including Boston and Worcester, do not give the amount of fiction read. The highest percentage is 89.42, the lowest 50.5, which is reported by the library of Los Angeles, with a circulation of 329,405 volumes. Next in rank are Quincy and Newton, Mass., then follow Providence, with 62 per cent., and Chicago, which, with a circulation of more than a million volumes, reports a fiction percentage of only 62.51 per cent. The library is about to be adequately housed in a new building, which will cost, when completed, $200,000.

We have received the first number, for May, of a new monthly called *Public Libraries*, issued by the Library Bureau at Chicago. It has been projected in the interest of the smaller libraries, with a view to meeting their need for detailed information as to practical working. A first section of the tentative A. L. A. Library Primer, compiled by J. C. Dana, is the main feature of this number. News of libraries, librarians, and associations is also much in evidence. There is a column of queries and answers.

Among the various measures for increasing the number of independent occupations for women, the opening of horticultural schools for girls is obviously one of the most sensible and promising. Many of our agricultural colleges admit girls to their classes, but without very seriously attempting to turn out theoretically and practically trained gardeners. In Germany the first Gartenbauschule für Frauen was opened by Fräulein Dr. Castner at Friedenau, near Berlin, on October 1, 1894. The first class of seven members will be graduated from that institution next fall, when one of the graduates will enter as teacher a similar school recently established at Riga, in Livonia. On the 1st of October next the second institution of the kind in Germany will be opened on the estate of the Baroness von Barth-Harmating near Plauen, in Saxony. The courses of study, extending over two or three years, include not only the most varied branches of gardening and horticulture, but also such scientific and commercial instruction as is needed for the successful pursuit of the business. Two students of the first mentioned school have already established themselves on rented land and proved the profitableness of the occupation. It is also said that there is a demand for thoroughly trained female horticulturists as superintendents of the gardens on large estates. The fact that these new institutions are intended for "gebildete Frauen und Mädchen" is emphasized. In January last a society for the promotion of the support of women by means of fruit-culture and gardening was formed, of which Frl. Anna Blum of Spandau is secretary.

The Vacation School of Modern French founded at Geneva in 1892 has just published its programme for the present season. It is in two courses, from July 15 to August 30, and from October 1 to 21. Every Saturday there will be excursions to the environs, or visits in groups to the National Swiss Exposition now open, closing October 15. The official bureau of information of the *Cours de Vacances* is at 5 Quai du Mont-Blanc.

It has been finally decided that English shall be included among the official languages at the international medical congress to be held at Moscow next year. At first the choice was limited to French, German, and Russian.

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In connection with the semi-centennial celebration of Cambridge, Mass., it is proposed to purchase a portion of Elmwood, the birthplace and life long home of James Russell Lowell, and make of it a Lowell Memorial Park. The tract involved has been secured till July 1 at a price of $35.000, and a committee headed by Mrs. Louis Agassiz, and including Miss Alice Longfellow, is soliciting subscriptions in sums large and small. These may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. William A. Bullard, First National Bank, Cambridge.

—Mr. Albert Shaw's study of the city government of St. Louis is especially opportune in the June *Century*. He had already shown in his two volumes how far British and Continental cities have advanced beyond us in the solution of the problem how to make life in a city decent and attractive. He now shows how far St. Louis has gone ahead of other American cities in the achievement of home rule, in the employment of experts in certain city offices, and in a phenomenal freedom from charges of official corruption. Particularly is St. Louis to be congratulated on having, partially at least, thrown off the shackles of ward representation. While the twenty-eight delegates to the lower branch of the Municipal Assembly are still elected from wards, the thirteeen members of the upper branch, or Council, are elected from the city at large. Nothing in Mr. Shaw's article is more striking than his comment on the personal difference between the members of these two branches. Delegates elected from wards exhibit in general the familiar characteristics of their class, but gentlemen of repute and character serve in the branch elected at large, which has contained, under the present charter, "groups of men who would have done credit to any legislative body in the land." St. Louis has lately become an example to other cities in its system of garbage treatment, and avoids at the same time any offensive claim to moral superiority on this score by using a simple invention which "has now made possible, on purely commercial grounds, an advanced step in American municipal housekeeping that neither public spirit, the sanitary motive, nor yet the demands of a fastidious civilization, had sufficed to effect." There are, however, some features of the corporate life of St. Louis which prove that its citizens have not yet altogether emerged from the national stupidity and supineness in the treatment of civic affairs. They still, for instance, accept a clean sweep in offices with each change of administration as part of the providential order of human affairs, and they will make to strangers this summer such an exhibition of poles and overhead wires in their streets as no other great city in the world can show. For the rest of this number of the *Century*, we shall content ourselves with remarking the continuation of Mr. Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa."

—Readers of *Harper's* will find that the artist whom Dr. Charles Waldstein designates as "The Greatest Painter of Modern Germany" is Adolf Friedrich Menzel. Dr. Waldstein's distinction in classical fields creates a predisposition in favor of his paper, which nevertheless makes an impression of inadequacy in this modern branch of criticism. In "A Visit to Athens" Bishop Doane lends to a very trite composition the weight of a widely known name. The most successful literary effort in the number is called out by the venerable pastime of fishing. "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," by E. T. D. Chambers, is a capital paper in its line, combining with a sportsman's knowledge a skill in expression which is worthy of classical tradition. The illustrations to this article are correspondingly attractive. In *Scribner's* the redeeming feature is Henry Norman's "In the Balkans." The fascination of the Balkan Peninsula, not the "Titanic tangle" of its politics, is Mr. Norman's theme. He therefore touches lightly on the Eastern Question as such, stopping merely to give an outline of the diplomatic problems which are "the nightmare of emperors and the despair of statesmen." The reader, nevertheless, after following him from Sofia to Belgrad and from Bosnia to Rumania, will be likely to find that the numerous races and states which are crowded into the "chess board of Europe" present a much less confused aspect to the mind, and that a more vivid impression of foreign parts is seldom received from an article. The Bay of Cattaro, Cettinje, and Prince Nicolas are subjects which naturally animate the pen. Some verses of Stevenson's are included in Isabel Strong's conclusion to "Vailima Table-Talk," but there is a falling off in quality between this and the first part. In the *Atlantic*, Gen. Francis A. Walker's plea for the "Restriction of Immigration" may be singled out as most likely to provoke thought and comment; but Dr. George Birkbeck Hill continues to edit the letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Lord Howe's commission to pacify the Colonies has fresh documentary light thrown on it by Paul Leicester Ford.

—The forty-fourth annual report of the Boston Public Library records the opening of the new building during the past year, the development of the plans and policy of the new librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, and a revolution in the personnel and evidently in the ideas of the board of trustees. Steps are being taken to make the work of the nine branches and thirteen delivery stations more effective. The latter are now given something of the character of branches by having on deposit in each a small supply of books, frequently changed, from which applicants may select something if their call-slips sent to the library fail to secure what they want: by telephonic communication with the main library it is proposed still further to increase their efficiency. The West End branch has lately taken possession of its new home, the old West Church, which has been remodelled sufficiently for the purpose while retaining most of its interesting features. This is the church in which James Russell Lowell, as a boy, listened to the excellent sermons of his father, Rev. Charles Lowell, and which was later perhaps equally famous as Dr. Bartol's church. What more fitting use for "abandoned" churches than this? It was to the founders and supporters of a free library that Lowell himself applied the Scripture, The teachers shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. The main building, while it provides seats for nearly four times as many readers as the old building, and seven times the floor-space in public rooms, has already been quite fully occupied by the public. Contrary to the expectations of the trustees, the remoteness of Copley Square from "down town" seems to make no difference to the frequenters of the library, while the greatly increased facilities attract multitudes who shunned the crowd and the discomforts of the old building. The most significant improvement in the present arrangement is the placing on practically open shelves nearly 200,000 volumes, which may be consulted with almost no formalities, and which, we remark in passing, are particularly sought after for genealogical research. It is in this direction that the best "library science" is tending. It is no matter for surprise that the annual expenses of the library are increased to the extent of $80.000 by the new building, so that some $225.000 must now be appropriated yearly by the city. This sum, capitalized at four per cent, represents an investment of five and a half millions, which must be added to the six millions which the present plant is said to be worth, to show how distinctly Boston is still in the lead as to its provision for its free library.

—The second edition of Mr. George Haven Putnam's 'The Question of Copyright' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) brings this compilation up to date. It comprises the text of our copyright act, a summary of the copyright laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, together with a report of the legislation now pending in Great Britain, a sketch of the contest in the United States (1837-91), and papers on the development of the conception of literary property, and on the results of the American act of 1891. Mr. Putnam (who advocated the act of 1891, though himself in favor of the most liberal system of copyright) thinks the statute has worked better, on the whole, than there was reason to anticipate; that the most serious and legitimate criticisms of the law have come from the authors of France, Germany, and Italy, who cannot secure American copyright for books requiring translation; but that these might be met by an amendment requiring registration in regular course, while permitting publication of an English version later. Unless something of this sort is done, he fears the abrogation by one or more of these countries of the existing conventions with us. He favors the extension of the term of copyright, and hopes that in time the manufacturing clause may be done away with. So will most of his readers. The present copyright law fixes a period far too short to secure literary property as other property is secured—the extreme term is forty-two years—and most copyrights expire at the very time that the author would naturally desire to make them most safe, *i. e.*, when his children begin to reap the harvest from the seed which he has sown. As to the manufacturing clause, it represents simply the triumph of brute protection over the principles recognized throughout the civilized world in dealing with all questions of property. Wherever property is recognized by municipal law, the right to transport it from country to country and enjoy its fruits is also recognized. Our law is one of the first in the history of the world to make the enjoyment of property *dependent* upon the place of manufacture. It is a novel application of the principle of protection, and there is no reason why, if there were anything in it, it should not be applied to all property; would it not greatly stimulate American manufactures if every coat, hat, cloak, cooking utensil, and steel rail in the country made of imported material could be *owned* only on proof that it had been made in the country? The authors took this monstrous provision on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, but the fact remains that our country, after having been for a century the great exponent of Piracy, has substituted for piracy a copyright system still so barbarous that the promoters of the law which introduced it, are mainly occupied with measures to palliate the evil effects of the conditions thrust down their throats by the

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labor unions and others, who were the real fathers of the manufacturing clause.

—We are reminded of the English tourists in Boston and its historic vicinity, who said they never should forgive themselves for not having visited America before all the interesting people had died, by the latest 'Journal' of M. Edmond de Goncourt. Nearly all the great names which illustrated the pages of the earlier volumes have disappeared. Alphonse Daudet seems to be almost the only one who is left. The journalist himself, if not exactly on evil days fallen, has at least fallen on less interesting days than were his former ones, and himself begins to feel that the afternoon of life is somewhat wearisome. He records scandals of much the same sort as before, but lesser ones; he has reflections such as he has given us before, and gossips only less entertainingly than he did. But the gossip is rather the worse for being so fresh. It is like hearing the next morning's talk after a ball. One touch of characteristic ingenuousness may be quoted. Under the date of September 4, 1892, M. de Goncourt writes: "Lorrain vient déjeuner ce matin à la maison, et, *confiant en moi*, il se répand sur sa jeunesse." Then, with a most complete unconsciousness of committing any impropriety, he himself confides the whole story of M. Lorrain's youth to the gentle reader. M. Lorrain's adventures were nothing very extraordinary, yet still it may be doubted whether he has been exactly pleased at seeing them in print. The 'Journal' is appearing as a feuilleton in the *Écho de Paris*, where its publication began in April.

—The Association Française pour l'Avancement des Sciences went out of its way a little this year to hold its annual meeting at Tunis, and this fact had some influence upon the character of the papers read. M. Marcel Dubois, Professor of Colonial Geography at the Sorbonne, delivered a most interesting discourse, comparing the different systems of colonization, ancient and modern. He complained of the injustice which often results from such comparisons, in exalting the merits of the ancients, insisting strongly on the advantage which the Romans had in being able to send out to Africa colonists who were already almost as good as acclimated. The Roman colonists, too, were accustomed to the practice of irrigation of the soil, and to the sort of agriculture which is most profitable in Africa. He maintained that, on the whole, France had quite as great an interest in North Africa as Rome had, and that, just deductions being made, France had been no less successful in her work there. Commandant Rebillet then gave some interesting details on the desert tribes, and on the first results of the extension of trade towards the south, incidentally conveying much new information about the Sahara. M. de Coudray La Blanchère spoke of the rural settlements of the Romans in North Africa. Of more general interest, perhaps, was a communication of Prof. Montelius of Stockholm on the distribution of dolmens. This type of tomb, he said, is of Oriental origin, but it has been transplanted even so far as to Scandinavia. The Scandinavian dolmens date from an epoch much earlier than the twentieth century B. C., and we have in these monuments indications of an influence which the East exercised upon Europe at a very early date. If the Scandinavian dolmens were so early, the Oriental dolmens must be at least one or two thousand years earlier still. This is confirmed by the fact that the chambers in the Egyptian pyramids are constructed exactly like dolmens, with the single difference that the stones of which they are built are cut and polished. It is not to one people alone that dolmens belong. An Aryan people was living in Scandinavia, while the dolmens of Syria could not have been built by Aryans. It was, then, a question of influence rather than of migration. Prof. Montelius spoke also of other traces of Oriental influence on the north of Europe in the times which immediately succeeded the dolmen epoch. Throughout this period, communications between the east and the north of Europe followed along the coast of Africa to the Spanish peninsula. It was evidently easier to go along the coast than to cross the sea. Only at a much more recent time did the influence of eastern civilization take another route, traversing first the Mediterranean and then the European continent.

RECENT POETRY.

It is only fair to say of the much-derided Poet Laureate of England that there is, in the preface to his new historical drama, 'England's Darling' (Macmillan), a tone of humility which certainly was not visible when he began his special duties by furnishing the music halls with a song of triumph about the marauder Jameson. He says frankly of his new work, "Would it were worthier!" and goes on to quote manfully from King Alfred's own (reported) words, "Do not blame me; for every man must say what he says, and do what he does, according to his ability." Indeed, the whole preface confirms the suggestion which we made on the appearance of his charming book, 'A Poet's Garden,' to the effect that the new laureate had best write his poetry in prose. We are compelled to see the merely official quality appearing, however, in his bold remark (p. xii): "Englishmen have never conceded unqualified admiration save to those who combined with intellectual distinction the crowning grace of moral worth," and expressed opinion that the national sentiment would never have sustained a Henri Quatre or Louis Quatorze. It is hard to see how such an assertion could be made by any one who had perused Thackeray's 'Four Georges,' for instance; nor would it be hard to gather some later illustrations from *Punch*. But some license must be allowed to a laureate—else why do laureates exist?—and his drama has at least a good subject, and may be praised on the basis recognized by that good woman who admired her pastor because he had such beautiful texts. The play is, indeed, best compared with others whose scene is laid at a period somewhat similar—as, for instance, with Sir Henry Taylor's "Edwin the Fair," to which it is certainly far inferior in interest or action, and strikingly so in the beauty and effectiveness of its lyric passages. The tribute to Lord Tennyson which follows, under the name "The Passing of Merlin," would doubtless be regarded as simple and pleasing, were there not a general disposition to make light of whatever this new functionary does.

The volume of 'New Poems,' by Christina G. Rossetti (Macmillan), will at first suggest the disappointment almost always inspired by posthumous poetry. As a rule, the poet is not seen at his best in what he has kept in reserve; the very fact that it was not brought forward often shows that it did not satisfy its author. But in this case any want of poetic satisfaction is more than balanced by the biographic interest; and in the notes, especially, we see revealed the home-life of a highly gifted family, whose mixed nationality makes their intellectual work more interesting, while their wide divergence in thought makes their frank mutual criticism delightful. They do not hesitate in the least to blame or praise each other's work, and to quote the mutual compliments or condemnations; and this relation is peculiarly noble and sweet between the shy, devout, nun-like sister—for the other sister, Maria, is met but little—and the ardent and free-thinking brothers. Christina and her mother were like lovers, and interchanged valentines; her childhood was cradled in poetry, and this volume contains some seventy pages of her verse written before the age of seventeen. Her Italian poems, which appear here for the first time, are more graceful and lyrical than any of those in English, and there are, among the many *bouts-rimés* sonnets — those, namely, of which the rhymes are given and the text afterwards filled in—three sonnets with the self-same rhymes, showing how deftly she could give that number of varying solutions of a single problem (pp. 20, 21, 22). One of the Italian poems is a curiously felicitous rendering into that language of the oft quoted Latin poem of the Emperor Hadrian, "Animula vagula-blandula" (p. 288):

ADRIANO.

Animuccia, vagantuccia, morbiduccia,
Oste del corpo e suora,
Ove or farai dimora?
Palliduccia, irrigidita, svestituccia,
Non più scherzante or ora.

She also wrote an English version of this, both these being intended for a privately printed volume of these translations edited by Mr. David Johnston of Bath—to which compilation her brothers also contributed. Her English translation is the following (p. 171):

Soul rudderless, unbraced,
The body's friend and guest,
Whither away to-day?
Unsupplied, pale discased,
Dumb to thy wonted jest.

The curious incapacity of the brother to adapt himself to the highly wrought religious mood of the sister is seen in his comment on her verses called "The End of the First Part" (p 36), where he thinks it necessary to explain the line

"Must change my laughter to sad tears of guilt,"

by explaining that "this would be, for Christina, a very exaggerated phrase," and that it may possibly refer only to original sin. He apparently has never learned by experience that it is usually the most stainless souls which scourge themselves most bitterly with remorse.

One of the shorter English poems has a curious flavor of that other recluse woman of genius, Emily Dickinson (p. 183):

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A boat that sails upon the sea,
Sails far and far and far away:
Who sail in her sing songs of glee
Or watch and pray.

A boat that drifts upon the sea,
Silent and void to sun and air:
Who sailed in her have ended glee
And watch and prayer.

Mr. M. M. Cawein's 'Undertones' (Copeland & Day) continue to show that improvement which has been seen in his later (and too numerous) volumes. He has mainly shed the extreme imitativeness of which we have formerly complained, and has also repressed much of his turgidness; although there is still some of this to be got rid of. On the other hand, there is a growing tone of cynicism and of that baleful tendency in which his friend Mr. Howells has preceded him, to regard human love as good for early youth only. He evidently

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thinks of it only as Miss Berry's Frenchman thought of a beauty past her prime, "Elle n'a qu'un quart d'heure pour l'être." Neither his technique nor his taste is quite to be trusted; thus, he rhymes *storm* with *harm*, and—which is strange for a Southerner—*moon* with *tune* (p. 10); and to describe the sunlight as "loafing" (p. 1) is certainly not to be commended. On the other hand, he has readiness and affluence of imagination, and his love of local coloring is staunch and American, so that such a poem as this shows him at his best (p. 4):

THE WOOD.

Witch-hazel, dogwood, and the maple here;
And there the oak and hickory;
Linn, poplar, and the beech-tree, far and near
As the eased eye can see.

Wild ginger; wahoo, with its wan balloons;
And brakes of briers of a twilight green;
And fox-grapes plumed with summer; and strung moons
Of mandrake flowers between.

Deep gold-green ferns, and mosses red and gray—
Mats for what naked myth's white feet?—
And, cool and calm, a cascade far away
With even-falling beat.

Old logs, made sweet with death; rough bits of bark;
And tangled twig and knotted root;
And sunshine splashes and great pools of dark;
And many a wild-bird's flute.

Here let me sit until the Indian, Dusk,
With copper-colored feet, comes down;
Sowing the wildwood with starfire and musk,
And shadows blue and brown.

Mr. Smyth, in his recent Life of Bayard Taylor, concedes that his verse, except perhaps in the "Bedouin Song" and the "Song of the Camp," had no spontaneity, but was all "carefully built up by the intellect," but tells us on the opposite page—what we had not previously known—that there is still a Taylor cult, at least in New York and Pennsylvania, and names as its chief representative Mr. Clinton Scollard. Now for the first time we recognize the key to Mr. Scollard's limitations, that he has assiduously set before himself an inadequate model. With assiduous effort and the careful collection of materials, he still remains ordinarily, as did Taylor, within the zone of mediocrity, and this applies even to his 'Hills of Song' (Copeland & Day). Few of our younger poets write with so much readiness and fertility as Mr. Scollard; he is cultivated, observant, conscientious, and always keeps to a certain desirable standard of good taste; he has also a wide range of material; and yet he never quite stirs the blood or makes himself essential. What we mean may be best seen by a little comparison. There is no better test of a poet than the way he deals with the ocean, the one thing unchanged and untamable, still as ever elusive, exhaustless, irresistible. This is Mr. Scollard's way of approaching it (p. 21):

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

Beneath the grim old beacon tower
They made his last straight bed,
The gray and grizzled slope below,
And ocean wide outspread.

There might he see the ships slip in
And out across the bar,
And down the night the warning light
Fling its recurrent star.

There might he hear the harping wind
Retune its ancient strain,
And that sublime musician, sea,
Intone its joy and pain.

There might his sleep be long and deep,
From time and tide withdrawn;
Above, the sea gull's silvery wing
Until the last red dawn.

Now, we will not be so severe as to propose a comparison with a wild Berserker chant like Kipling's "The Dipsy Chanty," but there are two brief poems, briefer than Mr. Scollard's, and both meditative like his, each of which has in it a touch of thoroughly imaginative grasp, as real as the sea itself. Having quoted them in previous notices, we will not give them again; they are Prof. Roberts's "On a sailor buried ashore" and Mr. Carman's "Child Marjorie." There would be no better way of illustrating Mr. Scollard's limitations than to print either of these short studies side by side with his. In saying this, we would again bear witness to his uniformly high workmanship as respects literary execution.

Mr. James B. Kenyon is another of the poets who are cultivated and pleasing, although but mildly inspired. The name of his new volume, 'An Oaten Pipe' (Tait), is rather far-fetched, nor is the selection of contents so exclusively pastoral as to make the title convincingly appropriate. Perhaps the strongest of the poems is this sonnet on Sappho, who left fewer verses and suggested more, it would seem, than any recorded poet (p. 119):

SAPPHO.

Where is that bay-crowned head supreme in song?
The tides that darkle round the Leucadian steep
Lap her forever into deeper sleep;
About her heart of fire the cool waves long
Like cerements have been wound, and voices strong
Of winds and waters o'er her pillow keep
Their boisterous lullaby. That frenzied leap
From the hoar height, when sense of sharpest wrong
Ran in her blood like flame—the fears that strove
Within her stormy soul—the lyric tongue
Whose last high music ran through realms of love,
Till hushed by that sea-wind which o'er her flung
Its sudden doom—ah, all the dole thereof
No equal tears have wept, no lips have sung.

We are also led to Sappho in 'Songs from the Greek,' translated by Jane Sedgwick Minot (New York: Richmond), a delightful volume, taking rank with Mrs. Perry's similar book noticed some time since by us, and making with it two most acceptable contributions by American women to the rendering of minor Greek poetry. This volume includes some choruses from the dramatists and an idyl of Theocritus, but it is taken mostly from Sappho and the Anthology. The author shows care, at least in the selection of authorities, as, for instance, in the following (p. 42):

TWO FRAGMENTS BY SAPPHO.

The stars that stand about the moon
Their shining faces veil as soon
As at her full, in splendor bright,
She floods the earth with silver light.

And through green boughs of apple-trees
Cool comes the rustling of the breeze,
While from the quivering leaves down flows
A stream of sleep and soft repose.

The Greek word corresponding to "breeze" is wanting in the original text, which is imperfect. It appears from Wharton's variorum edition that previous translators, as Merivale, Symonds, and Palgrave, have used the words "water" or "stream," whereas Miss Minot, following Wharton, substitutes "breeze," which certainly seems more appropriate, although we know from Theocritus that the combination of orchards and streams was not uncommon. We cannot, however, commend the present translator for inserting "green" to characterize the boughs, for it is an addition of her own, although Frederick Tennyson takes the same liberty. In the other pretty fragments (p. 43) about the apple and the hyacinth, Miss Minot calls the apple on the bough "reddening," whereas Sappho only calls it "sweet" (γλυκύμαλον), and in the other half of the fragment she simply describes the fallen hyacinth as purple, whereas the original word (ἐπιπορφύρει) rather describes it as growing more purple or "impurpling" on the ground as it dies. Here again she has Rossetti and Sir Edwin Arnold with her, but Wharton against her. All this is holding her to that standard of strict literalness which has been demanded (since Longfellow's example) of a translator, and to which few of her predecessors have been confined; and we renew our tribute to the excellent quality of her work.

'The Pilgrim, and Other Poems' (Macmillan), by "Sophie Jewett" (Ellen Burroughs), takes its name from the title-poem, but it might also have taken it from the fact that the best verses in the book have European themes. The most striking is this, on a subject which has doubtless suggested thoughts akin to poetry in many minds—the weird figures in stone which overlook the stir and tumult of Paris from their cathedral heights (p. 64):

A SMILING DEMON OF NOTRE DAME.

Quiet as are the quiet skies,
He watches where the city lies
Floating in vision clear or dim
Through sun or rain beneath his eyes;
Her songs, her laughter, and her cries
Hour after hour drift up to him.

Her days of glory or disgrace
He watches with unchanging face;
He knows what midnight crimes are done,
What horrors under summer sun;
And souls that pass in holy death
Sweep by him on the morning's breath.

Alike to holiness and sin
He feels nor allen nor akin;
Five hundred creeping mortal years
He smiles on human joy and tears.
Man-made, immortal, scorning man;
Serene, grotesque, Olympian.

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, in his 'Odes' (Holt), exhibits his wonted thoughtfulness and grasp, but the very title of his volume shows that he risks himself too much upon ambitious themes and treatment. Even Lowell, in attempting the ode, had but one great and triumphant success; and the irregular and dithyrambic strain has really a more fatal facility than the ballad measure, and admits of as hopeless commonplace. Mr. Moore's best success is in his "Elegy" on Poe, which has really more of fine discrimination than any other of the numerous poetic tributes to that author, so far as we can recall them. This, for instance, comes after a delineation of "the tragic singer of the Shades," and touches with firm hand the key to his forlorn fate (p. 40):

"Viewless he went amid life's garish ills;
He could not wait till twilight owned his race,
Dusk, his new dynasties;
Wan, vacant presence and neglected guest,
Earth placed no throne for him whereon to rest.
Poppy, therefore, and every poisonous growth
Took he, that could transport his soul away
From his wide prison—for his eyes were loth
And weary of the day.
And every steed he chartered, that did go
A little on the journey from the earth,
And joined each distance-seeking caravan;
Where'er the waves did roll, or the winds blow
O'er this world's abrupt and precipitous girth,
Swiftly his spirit ran.
Drunk with imaginations, drunk with wine,
Drowsy with dreams or waking with desires,
He sat at Pleasure's feet and would not rise,
Enamored of oblivion in vain—
Pleasure, no more smooth-lipped, no more divine,
But burning with unfathomable fires,
With melancholy in her mighty eyes,
With proud lips curbing pain.
Long there he sat, while in a cup she gave
Most bitter drink for thirst, and the salt wave."

For some reason, hitherto unexplained, Trinity College has been more successful than other American institutions in producing good college poetry; and while none of it takes us quite back to the classic period of Praed and the "Etonian," yet the new volume of 'Trinity Verse,' edited by De Forest Hicks and Henry Rutgers Remsen (Hartford, Conn.), affords some excellent fooling and some very graceful verse. Under the former head may be classed "The Greco-Trojan Game" of football, in Homeric verse, by C. F. Johnson, and a parody of Rudyard Kipling, "The Marryin' of Danny Deever." This last is meritorious, as is this "L'Envoy":

Where the cliffs of Brittany
Silent watch the sounding deep,
Sunk in an enchanted sleep,
Lies a city 'neath the sea.

Thence, I have heard peasants telling,
When the moon is hanging low,
And the ocean scarce seems swelling,
In its silent ebb and flow,
Softly, sadly comes a stealing
Over all the country side,
Sound of fairy bells a-pealing
In the sainted even-tide,
And the soul which learns that music
Lives forever satisfied.

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So from life's untroubled ocean,
In our golden even-time,
We shall hear with glad emotion
Echoes ringing—chime on chime;
And our hearts, those sunken cities,
Stored with thoughts of former days,
Soft shall sing us olden ditties
Of our college life and ways;
And the soul which learns that music
Never longs for newer lays.

In the little volume of thirty pages called simply 'Verses,' by May Wright Plummer (Cleveland, O.: Lemperly), there is more of the poetry of earnest thought than in many larger books. The following bit of blank verse —Cicero's supposed soliloquy on the death of Cæsar—is perhaps the strongest, and has indeed some lines of remarkable strength (p. 31):

Ay, look, and look again, at him who bore
The world and flinched not, but an hour ago.
In his colossal shadow yours was lost:
"Down with him, down, that we may see ourselves!"
He lies there; are ye greater than before?
Beyond the door the world he carried waits
To fall upon your staggering feebleness
And loosen into chaos once again.
Flee ye, indeed! From that still figure prone
Stretches a shadow that may well affray.
Living, it alternated with the sun;
Dead, it creeps onward, licking up the light.
So have ye chilled the pulses of the world
Into stagnation. Flee, and be content!

We have before now called attention to the remarkable vigor and freshness with which the younger Canadian poets write of nature, and the manner in which they show also a feeling for the human side; their landscape almost always skilfully including something of that kindlier tie. Perhaps this is a more instinctive tendency in a colder clime, where the indoor aspect of things can never be long ignored, as compared with the larger share of dreamy outdoor indolence practicable, for instance, to Lanier. At any rate, the fact is there. Note how quickly it makes itself felt in the close of these charming verses of the spring-time, from Archibald Lampman's 'Lyrics of Earth' (Boston: Copeland & Day):

JUNE.

Long, long ago, it seems, this summer morn
That pale-browed April passed with pensive tread
Through the frore woods, and from its frost-bound bed
Woke the arbutus with her silver horn;
And now May, too, is fled,
The flower-crowned month, the merry laughing May,
With rosy feet and fingers dewy wet,
Leaving the woods and all cool gardens gay
With tulips and the scented violet.

Gone are the wind-flower and the adder-tongue
And the sad drooping bellwort, and no more
The snowy trilliums crowd the forest's floor:
The purpling grasses are no longer young,
And summer's wide-set door
O'er the thronged hills and the broad panting earth
Lets in the torrent of the later bloom,
Haytime, and harvest, and the after mirth,
The slow, soft rain, the rushing thunder-plume.

Note how noiselessly the human aspects "hay-time and harvest" steal in at the end to take us from the realm of wild nature into that half-tamed world which Thoreau, in spite of all misrepresentations of him, maintained to be the best theme for literature. In this case the quiet phrase serves the same purpose as when Sir Philip Sidney flings out the glowing description of his Arcadia, and puts into it, as the centre of the whole display of delight, "there a shepherd-boy piping, as though he should never be old."

'Little Rhymes for Little People,' by Anna M. Pratt (Cleveland: Lemperly), is more successful than books of deliberate nonsense and child-talk are wont to be, and one of the poems is so odd and unexpected in its outcome as to have already won a great newspaper and school success, thus (p. 31):

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell, if you can,"
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered, —"Mary Ann!"

There is a tradition that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell carried in his youth a book of MS. poems to be inspected by the late Dr. O. W. Holmes, and was advised by that gentleman—speaking from his own experience—to acquire his medical reputation first and then print what he wished. He has certainly fulfilled both precepts, as his 'Collected Poems' (Century Co.) includes the substance of no less than seven volumes in verse, besides a preliminary advertisement of six novels and two books of essays. So vast a range of activity, for one still otherwise engaged in an absorbing profession, might awaken suspicion of slovenly work, and yet the dramatic studies of Dr. Mitchell are never slovenly—we cannot say quite as much for some of his shorter pieces—and we have before now, in noticing the separate volumes, conceded to him a distinct, though not absolutely controlling and dominating, power as a dramatist.

'Nymphs, Nixies, and Naiads: Legends of the Rhine,' by M. A. B. Evans, with illustrations by Wm. A. McCullough (Putnams), is a little book on the plan of those *Rheinsagen* which are sold along the famous river, with versified legends from the different localities—the traditions of the Lorelei, Bishop Hatto, and the rest. It is pleasantly done, but not brilliantly, and good translations of the German ballads would on the whole be better. 'America Liberata,' by Robert H. Vickers (Chicago: Kerr), is a little book without much interest as poetry, but possessing a good deal as an epic describing the South American revolutions, of which events we need to refresh our knowledge, especially when so much attention is now attracted to the affairs of our Southern neighbors. 'The River Bend, and Other Poems,' by Tacitus Hussey (Des Moines, Iowa: Carter & Hussey), is a sort of home product with home-made illustrations. The book has, without signal merit, a genuine quality which is not unattractive, except that the shadow of Riley hangs over it, as over so much Western American poetry, and makes it seem imitative and even a little second-hand. There is at the end of the book a prose sketch called "A River Idyl" which strikes us as being more simple and enjoyable, on the whole, than any of the verses.

'Armenian Poems Rendered into English Verse,' by Alice Stone Blackwell (Boston: Roberts), is an ingenious transfusion, through two hands, of the original poetry, which is translated into prose by one person and moulded into verse by another. The poems survive this double process as well as might be expected—that is to say, not very well; but there is much of the essence of vigorous national poetry in them, even at the end, and the book will serve to renew the general sympathy with that wronged race—a sympathy which shows as yet no signs of waning. But as compared with the Rumanian ballads published in 'The Bard of the Dembovitza,' for instance, they seem neither powerful nor picturesque. The best aspect of 'Sunshine and Shadow,' by Caroline Edwards Prentiss (Putnams), is in its choice of subjects. These are full of local coloring. "Summer's Calendar," for instance, comprises poems on the ox-eyed daisy, the pond-lily, and the golden-rod; and elsewhere there are verses on violet, anemone, bluet (or Houstonia), buttercup, morning-glory, arbutus, wild-rose, Indian pipe (or ghost-flower), and even poison-ivy, which last, we believe, even Emily Dickinson has not included in her weird gallery. This alone would give to the present volume a sense of elevation above mediocrity, though the handling of these simple themes is not always as successful as their selection. The novel binding of the book, a sort of leather or leatherette, we cannot quite commend.

A charming little edition of the pretty, old French tale, 'Aucassin and Nicolette' (Boston: Copeland & Day), has the prose as translated by M. S. Henry and the verse by E. W. Thomson, and is, as always, something unique in literature. The same very enterprising firm have issued, as another volume of their delicate "Oaten Stop" series, 'Soul and Sense,' by Hannah Parker Kimball, a collection of short meditative poems, carefully finished and always with a certain amount of thought and power, but pervadingly sad. Mr. William Vincent Byers is his own publisher of 'The Glory of the Gods, and Other Odes; Sonnets and Ballads in Sequence; with a note on the relations of the Horatian Ode to the Tuscan Sonnet.' Whatever genesis he may find for the sonnet measure, he certainly tests it too severely when he offers us a volume of 166 poems in that measure; it is something which even Rossetti would not dare offer to his most enamoured readers. It does not help the matter that he tortures some of them into a lilting measure and calls them ballads.

The poems of Caroline and Alice Duer (New York: Richmond) are somewhat unequal, but deserve to be praised for this vigorous ballad, with which they open, and which is, just now, what the daily newspapers call "timely":

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

(March 15, 1889.)

We were ordered to Samoa from the coast of Panama,
And for two long months we sailed the unequal sea,
Till we made the horseshoe harbor with its curving coral bar,
Smelt the good green smell of grass and shrub and tree.
We had barely room for swinging with the tide—
There were many of us crowded in the bay:
Three Germans, and the English ship, beside
Our three—and from the *Trenton*, where she lay,
Through the sunset calms and after,
We could hear the shrill sweet laughter
Of the children's voices on the shore at play.

We all knew a storm was coming, but, dear God! no man could dream
Of the furious hell-horrors of that day:
Through the roar of winds and waters we could hear wild voices scream—
See the rocking masts reel by us through the spray.
In the gale we drove and drifted helplessly,
With our rudder gone, our engine fires drowned,
And none might hope another hour to see;
For all the air was desperate with the sound
Of the brave ships rent asunder—
Of the shrieking souls sucked under,
'Neath the waves, where many a good man's grave was found.

About noon, upon our quarter, from the deeper gloom afar
Came the English man-of-war *Calliope:*
"We have lost our anchors, comrades, and though small the chances are,
We must steer for safety and the open sea."
Then we climbed aloft to cheer her as she passed
Through the tempest and the blackness and the foam:
"Now, God speed you, though the shout should be our last,
Through the channel where the maddened breakers comb,
Through the wild sea's hill and hollow
On the path we cannot follow,
To your women and your children and your home."

Oh! remember it, good brothers. We two people speak one tongue,
And your native land was mother to our land;
But the head, perhaps, is hasty when the nation's heart is young,
And we prate of things we do not understand.
But the day when we stood face to face with death,
(Upon whose face few men may look and tell),
As long as you could hear, or we had breath,
Four hundred voices cheered you out of hell.
By the will of that stern chorus,
By the motherland which bore us,
Judge if we do not love each other well,

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RECENT LAW BOOKS.

THE first edition of Mr. William Edward Hall's 'Treatise on International Law' appeared in 1880; at the time of his death in November, 1894, the fourth edition was in press, and part of it had been finally revised by the author. As now published by Macmillan it contains a considerable amount of new matter not found in any of the previous editions, relating to protectorates and spheres of influence, territorial waters, jurisdiction over foreign ships, nationality, the Bering Sea controversy, and the principles of law applicable to the subjects of a neutral nation who may, before the outbreak of war, be in the service of one of the belligerents, and who may be made the object of the first hostilities, as in the case of the *Kowshing*. These and other additions enhance the value of a work which proceeds from a publicist who has been described by an eminent contemporary, also a personal friend, as "one of the most accomplished men of his generation." The son of a physician who was attached to the court of Hanover and then to the British legation at Naples, he early acquired a knowledge of modern languages and a taste for art, both of which he subsequently cultivated. He studied law and was called to the bar; but he diversified his pursuit of his profession, which perhaps was never very assiduous, by various studies and extensive travel. He had collected materials for a history of civilization and a history of the British colonies, when he was led to concentrate his attention on international law, in which he soon became an acknowledged authority.

His 'Treatise on International Law,' which was preceded in 1874 by a small volume on the 'Rights and Duties of Neutrals,' achieved immediate success. It is characteristic of the man. Without attempting the cumulative and somewhat ostentatious show of learning of Phillimore, it combines the results of deep research, discriminating thought, and clear common sense, and approaches nearer to the standard of Wheaton's 'Elements' than any other English treatise on the same subject, though it lacks the calm philosophical spirit, the judicial tone, and sometimes the absolute accuracy of that great masterpiece. In its discussion of the laws and usages of war, and of the various questions arising out of the existence of a state of war, it is especially comprehensive and thorough; and in this category we desire particularly to mention its treatment of the subject of neutrality—a subject which has, in the course of the last hundred years, acquired a definite form and attained an immense importance.

Dr. T. J. Lawrence's 'Principles of International Law' (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.) apparently comprises the elaborated text of lectures of which the syllabus was published in 1885, under the title of 'A Handbook of Public International Law,' a manual the excellence of which was attested by its adoption by the British Admiralty for the use of officers of the royal navy. The 'Principles,' like the 'Handbook,' is divided into four parts, but it contains four more chapters than the latter, partly representing the subdivision of subjects. Some of the definitions of the 'Handbook' have been slightly condensed, and some have been amplified, but not always to advantage. For example, the 'Handbook' defines independence as the "right of a state to manage all its affairs, whether external or internal, without interference from other states"; the 'Principles' adds, "as long as it respects the corresponding right possessed by each fully sovereign member of the family of nations." This qualification seems to have been so expressed as to exclude the idea that a suzerain may lose its right of independence by ceasing to respect the rights of a subject state, possessed of some of the attributes of sovereignty. But, assuming this to be so, let us suppose that the aggressor is a sovereign state other than the suzerain. Is not the legal consequence of its action the same as if the state whose rights it had failed to respect were fully sovereign?

While we are of opinion that this work is a useful elementary manual, we have observed in it several apparently inadvertent statements, to two of which we will refer. In section 115 it is said that the United States "decline to recognize that any change of allegiance has taken place when an American woman marries a foreigner, though they regard a foreign woman married to an American as an American subject." The authority cited for this statement is Wharton's 'International Law Digest,' section 186. But an examination of the whole section will show that while it has not been held that the marriage of an American woman to an alien subjects her to all the disabilities of alienage, such as inability to inherit real property, it is the prevalent view that her political status follows that of her husband at least during coverture; and it is hardly to be supposed that the United States would claim a right to intervene, in behalf of the American wife of a foreigner, against the action of her husband's government. Again, in section 168, on the effect of war on treaties to which the belligerents are parties, there is a diagram in which it is said, as to treaties for regulating ordinary social and commercial intercourse: "Effect doubtful. Generally the treaty of peace deals with such matters; if not, it is best to take the stipulations as merely suspended during war." For this statement the text affords no actual authority. Two judicial decisions are cited, but they relate to rights in real property, and refer to the peculiar conditions resulting from the division of the British Empire at the close of the American Revolution. The author observes, it is true, that, while "some treaties of peace expressly stipulate for the revival of postal and commercial agreements subsisting before the war," in other cases, where the treaties of peace contained no such stipulation, agreements of the kind in question "have been acted upon after the peace on the understanding that they were restored to efficiency by it"; but of such tacit revival he gives no example. Hall says that, in respect of such treaties, the simplest course is "to take them to be all annulled." This view has been so prevalent among publicists, has been so frequently recognized by governments, and has so much of the force of reason to support it, that the opposite view would seem to require substantial proof of its validity, though it may find sanction in loose expressions of some writers. The work contains an excellent statement of the distinct subjects of neutrality and neutralization; and it properly discusses certain recent aspects of the Monroe Doctrine as involving the assertion of the primacy of the United States in America.

The latest addition to the Hornbook series is a volume on the 'Interpretation and Construction of the Laws,' by H. C. Black (St. Paul: West Publishing Co.). It is designed to elucidate the cardinal modern rule that a court's chief duty is to seek out and enforce the actual meaning and will of the lawmaking power. The law is stated in the form of rules, of which there are a hundred and sixty-one, and there is a final chapter on the interpretation of judicial decisions and the doctrine of precedents, which will be found of value. Some twenty-four hundred cases are cited, and among them we are somewhat surprised not to find Gelpcke vs. Dubuque, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1863, a very leading authority on the subject of *stare decisis*. It is much safer and far less difficult to write about decisions than it is to attempt to embody in accurate and terse language the principles of law which they embody. Mr. Black's little code of interpretation is on the whole well constructed; here and there it lacks precision and accuracy of statement. Rule 146, for instance, is as follows: "In law a precedent is an adjudged case or decision of a court of justice, considered as furnishing a rule of authority for the determination of an identical or similar case afterwards arising or a similar question of law." The first half of this is perfectly correct. A precedent is always a case, and always an adjudged case; and when such a case is examined as a precedent, it is always for the purpose of extracting from it a rule or authority for the determination of another case. But the rest of the rule is confusing. It appears that a precedent will furnish a rule in an "identical" or "similar" *case, or* for a "similar" question of law. The inference seems irresistible that it will not dispose of the *identical* question of law if it arises again. This is of course absurd, and not what Mr. Black intended. Rule 148 contains a definition of a *dictum;* seven lines of it are wholly superfluous. No. 149 is half rule and half comment. Nos. 150 and 151 correctly state the rule of *stare decisis*, but conclude with the statement that it does not apply in "exceptional cases" if there are "urgent reasons." This is a favorite but very bad way of saying that there are cases in which a rule of decision is not followed; but there is hardly any rule in the world governing human conduct to which there are not exceptions, and it is far better not to use a formula to characterize a particular rule which is uniformly true of nearly every rule. The exceptions to the rule and the urgency of the reasons for them must in the end be stated and explained separately. On the other hand, Rule 153 contains a very good enumeration of the considerations which bear upon the force and effect to be given to precedents. At p. 402 the fundamental differences between the principle of *res adjudicata* and *stare decisis* are pointed out with great clearness.

The subject of interpretation and construction will always be a fascinating one to minds of a logical and philosophical cast. On looking over a book such as Mr. Black's, one is struck with the multitude of problems still open to discussion, while (owing to the fact that our constitutions embody the primary principles of common right and civil liberty in the form of a written charter) in no country are the materials for a sound solution of such questions so abundant as with us. All our great constitutional conflicts for the hundred years of our existence as a nation have turned upon the meaning which the law should declare to be the true construction of a few printed words. As has often been said in the legal forum, words are things; and wherever written constitutions as well as the rule of precedent are the supreme law, the highest questions of all, the questions on which the lives, liberty, and property of millions depend, hinge upon the meaning of words. Were it not for the enlightened manner in which courts have applied the principles of interpretation and construction to questions of public and private

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right as they have arisen, the Union itself might, before now, have come to a violent end.

The fourth edition of Mr. James W. Gerard's well-known treatise on 'Titles to Real Estate in the State of New York' (Baker, Voorhis & Co.) gives all the code and statute changes, with notes of decisions, since the last edition. The editor, Mr. Edgar Logan, who was one of the editors of the third edition, states in a preface that he has had great assistance from the author. Between the two editions there is an apparent difference of only twenty-two pages, but this is owing to a change of type, which masks very large and important additions. There is, we suppose, no use in protesting against the absence of a Table of Cases, the success of a standard book without one having, no doubt, convinced the author that such tables are superfluous; we always find, nevertheless, that in actually tracing a doctrine or proposition through the courts the name of a case is quite as important a clue as an index title. How many thousand cases are cited, we have no accurate means of judging. We should not be surprised at being told that there are over 15,000. At any rate, the learning packed into this volume is prodigious in amount, and makes one shudder to think what it must swell to in another fifty years. This, it must be remembered, is a real property lawyer's *vade mecum* for a single State. No one can follow its rules blindly in another jurisdiction, not because the principles of land law are not the same throughout the United States, but because of the perpetual changes in legislation.

Mr. Gerard's book is made up in large part of statutes many of which have introduced innovations peculiar to New York. Ever since the time of Lord Coke, for instance, it had been the rule that if land were devised or granted to A for life, and after his decease to his heirs and assigns for ever, A took the whole estate in fee. The rule was connected with feudal military tenures, and, once explained, a child in law could never forget it. A fee must not be in *abeyance*, because, if it were, there would be no one who could discharge the services incident to it and due to the lord; but since, as long as A is alive, no one can tell who his heirs may be, it was impossible for such a grant or devise to vest a remainder in them; *ergo*, the whole fee must vest in A. This is what must have been *intended*. This rule was long the law in this State; but the revisers of 1830, who seem to have been infected with the delusion that the way to make law clear and comprehensible was to sweep away all rules the original reasons for which had ceased to exist, abolished it on the ground that the feudal system had come to an end. The consequence was not, as they hoped, a simplifying of the drawing of wills, but a new batch of decisions determining the effects and limits of the change. In other States the old rule prevails, so that the decisions here since 1830 are in Massachusetts, for example, of no authority. The same thing may be said of the rule against perpetuities, which makes it impossible to tie up property for more than a certain period. The common-law rule on the subject made the period a life or lives in being, and twenty-one years afterwards. This rule was English in origin, but was adopted generally in this country, and in those States where it still exists it is not found to produce any evil results. But it was not good enough for the revisers of 1830, who changed it to two lives, with the result that for any one in this State who wishes to provide for grandchildren, no lawyer can safely draw a will without a careful study of the very peculiar local rules of construction which have been laid down since that time.

These are two notorious instances of the confusion which comes from even well-meant and intelligent interference by the legislatures with settled common-law rules of property. What such legislatures as we have now would do if they allowed themselves full swing in these matters, one can only guess. Fortunately, they are conscious of their own ignorance and incompetence to deal with them, and usually there are no powerful interests struggling at Albany for the enactment of new rules changing the law of property. Notwithstanding this, half the volume of judicial decisions which goes to make up the substance of such a book as Mr. Gerard's is due to mistaken and unnecessary legislation—and to nothing else. So long as we have legislatures of the present sort, it is absurd to groan over the perpetually increasing volume of decision and annotation. For the practising lawyer the field of inquiry covers *all* the cases—not such only as may be valuable as illustrating principles.

The third edition of Mr. D. S. Remsen's 'Manual of Intestate Succession in New York' (Baker, Voorhis & Co.), forms a convenient little book of reference of some hundred and fifty pages. The law of inheritance and distribution is, fortunately, rarely meddled with by the Legislature. Last year an attempt was made to alter it by making a man's widow one of his direct heirs, and a law was passed for this purpose in March. It aroused such an amount of indignation on the part of those who knew what confusion the change would cause, that in June the act was repealed; it was, however, in force for nearly three months, and may have given rise to questions of property yet to be disposed of by the courts. It does not seem to be noticed by Mr. Remsen.

In the second edition of his 'Law of Collateral and Direct Inheritance, Legacy, and Succession Taxes' (West Publishing Company), Mr. B. F. Dos Passos states that since 1890 this system of taxation has been introduced into Maine, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, California, Connecticut, and New Jersey, to say nothing of Canada and Australia. It is evidently in a fair way to become universal. In New York, lineal heirs pay 1 per cent. and collaterals 5, and from 1885 to 1894 the State has collected by means of this tax some $11,000,000. In England the revenue from "death duties" of one kind and another is said to amount now to more than £11,000,000 annually. Mr. Dos Passos suggests that in New York a very small increase in the inheritance-tax-rate would enable us to dispense with the personal-property tax altogether. The great recommendation of the tax is that it is easily collectible, and that the cost of collection is small. In England a new inheritance tax (imposed in 1894) of 1 per cent. on all real and personal property was strenuously opposed as increasing the heavy burdens already weighing upon land. In this country the succession tax is mainly a personal tax, and has been attacked as unconstitutional. The courts, however, have generally upheld it as being a tax on the privilege of succeeding to property. It has led to many curiosities of construction. In Massachusetts the privilege has been held to be a "commodity," while elsewhere the attempt to secure a ruling that property invested in Government bonds is exempt from it has failed; the courts holding that the person paying the tax does not pay it on the bonds, but to secure the privilege of succeeding to them. The tax has enabled one court to decide upon the exact nature of money awarded for French spoliation claims; the ruling being that the money is a mere gratuity from Congress to the heirs, and not inherited from anybody whatever. The present edition seems very full and useful.

A new edition of Edmond Kelly's 'French Law of Marriage and Divorce,' by Oliver E. Bodington (Baker, Voorhis & Co.), is marked by an increase in bulk, though the number of cases cited is only forty-five; it is ten years since the first edition appeared. The subject is to us one of very considerable and growing importance, not merely because many Americans live in Paris, but because international marriages become more and more common every year, while the law governing the contract of marriage and the relation of husband and wife is wholly different in the two countries. American parents whose daughter marries an Englishman have a general notion of what will be their daughter's position as regards property, social and household life, etc. If their daughter becomes engaged to a Frenchman, they know little or nothing about the world into which she is going. Nevertheless they have it in their power to know in advance much more about the effects of a French than of an English marriage. The whole French law of the domestic relations—a compromise between legal arrangements handed down from the days of Justinian and innovations introduced in the interest of modern individualism and liberty of contract—is at odds with our system. To begin with, one condition of valid marriage in France is the consent of parents or other ancestors in the ascendant line; and since these may be of different sex and stand in an unequal degree of consanguinity to the person who desires their consent, elaborate rules have been formulated in order that some decision may be reached. Thus, if there are no parents, but a grandmother and a great-grandfather survive, nearness of degree prevails over considerations of sex, and the grandmother has the last word; but, if the degrees are equal, the grandfather carries the day. Fortunately for the peace of families, the number of persons of marriageable age who have great-grandparents living and capable of taking an active and intelligent interest in the matrimonial designs of their great-grandchildren is not great. Supposing the consent obtained, the whole French law affecting property rights under the marriage is utterly different from ours. An Anglo-Saxon marriage settlement deals, as Mr. Kelly clearly explains, with specifically designated property, while a French *contrat de mariage* establishes a system of law *for the parties*, governing not merely the determinate property which may be described in it, but various classes of property not specifically designated, either possessed at the time of the marriage or afterwards acquired.

We have nothing in our law or marriage-customs corresponding to the various *régimes* of the French code. Indeed, leaving out of view marriage settlements (which are unknown except among the well-to-do), the essential difference between the property relations of a husband and wife in France and America is that in one country the whole matter is regulated, so far as possible, in advance (*e. g.*, household expenses and expenses of education of children), while, with us, it is all left to chance. Marriage is proverbially a lottery; the French endeavor to eliminate chance as much as possible from the result, while we practically act upon the principle that prevision is impossible, and each household must

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fight it out for itself. Which is right? We do not know, though we have a strong suspicion that neither system could be well transplanted from the soil of which it is a growth. Mr. Kelly seems to think that the French rule of the legitimization of children by marriage after their birth is an essential feature of their system, but does not clearly explain his reason for thinking so. To our minds it is simply an enlightened and humane rule, which should be introduced everywhere, and is just as likely to produce good results in New York (it is now the law of this State by L. 1895, c. 531) as in France. With regard to breach of promise, by the way, Mr. Kelly removes a common misconception—that no such thing is known in France. It is true that a lady cannot get thumping damages for injury to her feelings, but a contract is a contract, all the world over, and if the wronged party has suffered any material damage, recovery may be had. In a recent case the would-be husband recovered for money wasted on jewelry, a wedding ring, and presents of flowers and candy. The English judges who tried within a year or two to persuade themselves that breach of promise of marriage was a *tort*, had, no doubt, not heard of this judgment.

Mr. Arthur G. Sedgwick's 'Elements of Damages' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is not an abridgment of the well-known text-book of similar title, but a reëxamination of the subject, having different form, scope, and purpose. As the book appears in the "Student's Series," it is presumptively intended rather for study than for reference; but it will be found by no means useless by practitioners. The method adopted is to state the principles of the law of damages (so far as possible) as rules or principles of law, such as a court might lay down to a jury, and to follow these statements with the cases that illustrate them. The plan is very well carried out, and students will find the subject brought within their reach in a systematic and comprehensive exposition. The most interesting part of the book, from a scientific point of view, is that showing the relation of the modern functions of the jury to the development of the law of damages. Nothing can be more instructive than the system of concurrent jurisdiction now exercised by the court and jury, and its explanation is very succinctly given by Mr. Sedgwick.

The chief interest in Mr. Henry L. Clinton's Extraordinary Cases' (Harpers) is that it carries us back to a period in the administration of criminal justice in New York which already seems remote. The earlier cases in it, such as those of Polly Bodine and Henri Carnal, belong to a time when it was still common for the leaders of the bar to be retained in criminal cases, when judges took fees, when aldermen sat as side judges, when judges engaged in newspaper controversy over cases pending in their courts, and when reprieves by the Governor seem to have been as common as stays of proceedings by judges became later—indeed, when it was still to be decided whether a judge had power to grant a stay in a capital case. We have found the case of Henri Carnal the most interesting in the book, but to understand it thoroughly the reader must consult also the decisions in the reports to which Mr. Clinton refers. It lasted several years, and ended in a substantial triumph for the defence. The accused was tried and found guilty of what seems to have been a plain case of murder. Nevertheless, Mr. Clinton, who was assigned to defend him, succeeded within ten minutes in "planting an exception" in the case which took root and throve, so that in the end it "vitiated and rendered null and void all subsequent proceedings"; through it a new trial became necessary, and on this (the former witnesses having meantime disappeared) the accused pleaded guilty to a low degree of manslaughter, was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, at the expiration of which he married, purchased a farm in the West, settled there, and, when last heard of, was "doing well." The laity, who cannot appreciate legal points, will not enjoy the story as much as Mr. Clinton's professional brethren. The merits, for obvious reasons, are not gone into; the case, as we read it, is an exciting game between the district attorney and the counsel for the defence, in which the stakes are the life of the defendant; the district attorney tries to hang, the counsel for defence to prevent him; the judges see that the rules of the game are observed, and the question of guilt or innocence is wholly immaterial, except so far as adverse evidence encountered in the progress of the game may handicap one side or the other.

De Quincey and his Friends. By James Hogg. London: Sampson Low; New York: Scribners.

Mr. James Hogg, son of a more famous publisher, has here collected a mass of "personal recollections, souvenirs, and anecdotes" of De Quincey. It was a good thing to do, for although much of the volume has been printed before, the articles, which contain matter of value to the De Quincey student, have mostly escaped such biographers as Dr. Japp. Dr. Japp himself contributes an outline life, with emphasis on De Quincey's associates; for few men of his time were more sought after by distinguished pilgrims, and few were so charming to so many kinds of people. Other friends, Mr. Colin Rae-Brown, and Mr. Hogg himself, contribute recollections, the latter telling, among other things, how, but for his own youthful sanguine efforts, we should probably never have had an edition of De Quincey collected by the author. There are reprinted memories by Richard Woodhouse, Mr. John Ritchie Findlay of the *Scotsman*, the late John Hill Burton, the Rev. Francis Jacox, Mr. James Payn, the late James G. Bertram of *Tait*, Hood, Carlyle, and others. Dr. Shadworth Hodgson's essay on De Quincey is appended. There is a long poem by Dr. Moir, which has an antiquarian interest touching the name De Quincey. Finally, there is an essay "On the Supposed Scriptural Expression for Eternity," dating back to 1852 or 1853; this essay is included in the American edition, but in no English edition of "Collected Works"; Mr. Hogg has reprinted it once before in a volume on 'The Larger Hope.' We should further note that there are a few unpublished letters; also, a Latin theme written by De Quincey for one of his examiners at Worcester College.

All the contributors to the volume dwell on two things: the extreme sweetness and courtesy of De Quincey's manner, and his fragile, intellectual personal appearance. In person he reminds Mr. Rae-Brown of Cardinal Manning—the slightest of bodies serving as a stem to a gloriously intellectual head. All the writers speak of the refined face and the changing eyes, dull, filmy, almost dead in one moment, glowing and full of depths in the next. That the sweet low voice and antique courtesy could mask an urbane causticity is clear from various calm remarks of De Quincey here recorded. He speaks of Wordsworth's "usual haughty and discourteous manners," and of his "sidling" walk (p. 97). He cannot admit that Burns is a great poet (p. 97). He refuses to dine with Thackeray because he is not, like Dickens, *benignant* (p. 194). It is interesting to know that he did not at first join with the more earnest admirers of Hawthorne and Emerson, but that he afterwards recognized the genius of the 'Scarlet Letter' (p. 234). Of his many eccentric little dicta none is more striking than the remark that "walking—a long walk—gives extraordinary depth and expression to ladies' eyes" (p. 9).

The volume is light in weight and beautifully made, but there are slips in printing, *e. g.*, p. 93, line 9; p. 115, line 17; p. 228, line 18.

Social Rights and Duties: Addresses to Ethical Societies. By Leslie Stephen. [The Ethical Library.] London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 2 vols.

"Really delightful reading," wrote Edward Fitz Gerald of an earlier volume of Mr. Stephen's, "and, I think, really settling some Questions of Criticism, as one wants to be done in all Cases, so as to have no more about and about it." But those were questions of literary criticism, where finality may make a more plausible show of being attained than in the wider and more complex themes treated in these volumes. Yet they are none the less really delightful reading, a good part of their charm consisting in the writer's frank disavowal of finality. A full and flexible and honest mind going "about and about" such subjects as Science and Politics, the Morality of Competition, Ethics and the Struggle for Existence, Punishment, Luxury, the Duties of Authors, the Vanity of Philosophizing, and the half dozen other titles of these addresses, is doubtless giving the very best that can be given in this line, whether to ethical societies or the general public. Those who know what the free play of Leslie Stephen's mind means, will ask no better treat than to see it applied to such congenial discussions. His acuteness, his fatal eye for the heart of a question, and the swift thrust of his pen right at it, his quiet humor, his tolerance, his modesty, his inveterate habit of boldly flinging into words the thing he thinks—all these are present throughout, and, in the eyes of everybody but the Scotchman who wanted to know what "Paradise Lost" "proved," more than make up for the absence of dogmatic positiveness.

These addresses are a sort of lay sermon, and show how the inherited homiletic instinct of the Stephen family survives the narrow evangelicalism which gave it birth and on which it once fed. Like a true preacher, Mr. Stephen is conscious of present questionings and present needs, and speaks to them directly. Most of the problems that have offered themselves with the greatest insistence to thinking men in the past twenty years figure in these pages, if few thoroughgoing solutions are offered. Hence the frequent reference to contemporary theories and writers. Even the late Mr. Kidd, as he may now safely be called, comes in for some of Mr. Stephen's most deft swordsmanship, the result being to cut off the head of this second-hand philosopher so neatly that he himself can scarcely be aware of his loss. Huxley's famous Romanes lecture suggests such remarks and qualifications of a rather hasty statement as Huxley himself felt bound to make, on reflection. Mr. Balfour is, of course, the man who philosophizes to prove the vanity of all philosophizing, and destroys the founda-

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tions of scientific belief in order to maintain that theology is as firmly based.

Mr. Stephen's organon of knowledge, so far as he professes to employ any, may be said to be the method of careful statement. This is always half the battle with him. Nor is it the device of a logic-chopper choosing his own premises. He has the air of a man anxious simply to get at the core of a question, and brushing aside all that is merely incidental or adventitious in order to see what the real difficulty is. Perhaps the best of all the addresses here printed, for the illustration of this way of winding himself like a serpent into his subject (as it was said of Burke), is the one on Ethics and the Struggle for Existence. Most admirable and convincing is his grasp upon the truth that no theory of the facts of life, of evil and suffering, can at all alter those facts. One theory explains some of them, another some more; one theory has the advantage over another in point of completeness and likelihood; but under all theories the facts remain the same, and have their ugly implications under all.

"Does the theory of the 'struggle for existence' throw any new light upon the general problem? I am quite unable to see, for my own part, that it really makes any difference: evil exists; and the question whether evil predominates over good can only, I should say, be decided by an appeal to experience. One source of evil is the conflict of interests. Every beast preys upon others; and man, according to the old saying, is a wolf to man. All that the Darwinian or any other theory can do is, to enable us to trace the consequences of this fact in certain directions; but it neither creates the fact nor makes it more or less an essential part of the process. It 'explains' certain phenomena, in the sense of showing their connection with previous phenomena, but does not show why the phenomena should present themselves at all."

We should be glad, if space admitted, to quote other passages from these notable addresses. Some of them have previously seen the light in magazines, but the old ones are worth rereading, and the new ones have solider charms than those of novelty.

Fishes, Living and Fossil: An Outline of their Forms and Probable Relationships. By Bashford Dean, Ph.D. [Columbia University Biological Series, III.] Macmillan & Co. 1895.

The fishes as they now are, and as they have been in the course by which they have reached their present condition, are fairly well set forth in this attempt at a concise general, and to some extent popular, presentment. The work is comparative and very comprehensive. Perhaps it might have been improved by a greater amount of text, yet an abundance of drawings obviates much explanation. It deals with forms, habits, structure, functions, embryology, affinities, genealogy, distribution, etc., and has classified lists of publications relating to its various divisions. As a whole it is to be commended, numerous particulars rendering it liable to criticism notwithstanding. The exceptions, and the remedies to be applied in a future edition, will be sufficiently evident in a few examples from the more noticeable.

Classification, being so much a matter of personal opinion, for present convenience, and liable to changes as investigation proceeds, should have less weight than some other features. We should prefer the fishes divided into four primary groups rather than two. The lampreys would stand for one; the others would be sharks and skates, chimæras, and lung fishes and bony fishes. Mainly the descent of the fishes is traced by means of forms containing a great deal of solid matter in dermal armature or in skeleton; these forms were the most specialized, and, consequently, while best adapted for preservation as fossils, were most affected by causes which tended to the extinction of their species. More plastic forms, with less of the hard matter, did not petrify so readily, but were better prepared for adaptation such as would prevent extinction. These last retained more of the structure common to the earlier types—that is, they were less specialized. Our author treats such species or genera as "the most generalized forms," though he nowhere establishes the existence of a generalizing process. In truth, when he says more generalized he means less specialized; but the expressions are not synonymous. The Cladodont (Cladoselache of Dean), a highly specialized type, is a good instance. This is said to be one of the most generalized of known sharks, the possible ancestor of Acanthodes, Pleuracanthus, Heterodontus, and modern sharks, of great degrees of specialization, also, in very different directions. The contention that the Cladodont changed, in its progeny, in form, armature, dentition, etc., lost a dorsal fin while acquiring an anal and fin spines, and became Acanthodes, should be supported by some kind of proof; the theory of a common ancestor is too available to be put aside for a mere suggestion of possibilities.

Regarding loss of fins, we are informed that, "should life habits require undulatory motion, paired fins must inevitably tend to disappear." The fishes cited in support of this are some that rest on the bottom, where paired fins are not needed as balancers; but in these cases it is disuse, not undulatory motion in swimming, that caused the paired fins (as also in many cases the vertical fins) to disappear. In similar manner disuse has carried away the limbs of certain lizards and of snakes. "It may now aid the mouth in admitting water to the gills" is said of the spiracle; but in certain rays that rest and feed on the bottoms this organ is greatly developed; they depend on it in breathing, not on the mouth.

"Partially true," is all that can be said of the statement that the majority of the sharks are viviparous and have a placental attachment; in a considerable number of viviparous sharks there is no such attachment. Dean says the egg of the Greenland shark is said to be spherical and relatively small and to be deposited unprotected by capsule; Günther says of the same shark that it is stated to be viviparous and to produce about four young at a birth. Pristis and Pristiophorus should change places in the arrangement; the former is the ray, the latter the shark.

Some of the figures are not up to the standard. Figure 29, named Trygon with a question, is Aëtobatis of Müller and Henle. It and figure 30 are incorrect in showing the front teeth wider than the hind ones; the latter are of most recent growth, and should be the wider. Figure 173, Bathyonus, is entirely out of proportion; and figure 184, said to be the porcupine fish with needle-like scales, is really the swell fish with compressed, blade-like rigid spines. It should have been said that the needle-like spines of the porcupine fish are erectile, which increases the resemblance to the mammal.

Need of revision is apparent in the nomenclature; for instance, Butrinus stands for Butyrinus, Christiceps for Cristiceps, and Læmargus for the prior name, Somniosus. Heptabranchias, Notidanus, and Heptanchus, names for a single genus, are used in a way to confuse the student. In the derivation of the last of these the author finds ἄγχω, Lat. *ango*, to press tight, to throttle. A better rendering is that of Agassiz, from ἄγκος, sinus, a notch, referring to the gill openings; this would give *c* instead of *ch* in Heptancus and Hexancus. Heptranchias, the earliest name, however, is most likely a Rafinesquian distortion of ἑπτά and βράγχια. Commonly, generic names are formed in the singular. Thus, Chlamydoselachus was originally derived from χλαμύς, and σέλαχος; Dr. Dean changes it to Chlamydoselache, deriving from σελάχη, which he defines shark instead of sharks. Why the plural name of cartilaginous fishes in general, always so used by Aristotle, should be taken in lieu of the singular, applicable to a single shark, is not demonstrated. Günther, who previously made the mistake, may have been followed, or both authors may have been led astray by Cuvier, who similarly fixed the name Selache on a shark now known by the prior name Cetorhinus. Corrected, Dean's Cladoselache becomes Cladoselachus; whether it is a synonym for Cladodus, he has not yet fully decided.

In conclusion, it should be said that this volume has many excellent features, and will do a great deal of good.

In India. Translated from the French of André Chevrillon by William Marchant. Henry Holt & Co. 1896.

The Kutab Minar is a fitting frontispiece to a book on India. Kutab commemorates the Moslem conqueror who reared it in 1193; Minar (the minaret) is the distinctive badge of the most energetic race among Indian populations. Confessedly the grandest work in the world of its class, it seemed to the present writer, as he climbed it after circling the globe, the most impressive pillar of any class.

M. Chevrillon, bound in buckram, brings to mind *Falstaff's* rogues who were so habited. He flits along as evanescent as those minions of the moon. His whole pilgrimage from Kandy to Kinchinjanga, as well as through the Mogul cities and many others, was compressed into less than fifty days. Nor did he dare go alone, but was personally conducted by what he calls a "boy," more commonly styled a "bearer" by Anglo-Indians. From the start he was imposed upon by this functionary, who shrewdly bargained that, on the score of conscientious scruples, he should never wait on his master at table nor carry a satchel for him. Such was the guide, philosopher, and friend who kept him in leading-strings, once well-nigh delivering him up to Nautch Delilahs. His book, however, has a charm. It is never dull, and it shows India from a French point of view. Yet but few of his nation have such a savor of Anglomania. Landing at Pondicherry, the last vestige of French domination, he sheds no tears over the French downfall, feeling that the English have done a better service. Thanks to the good ends gained, he justifies the evil means, as some do African slavery, viewing it as a whip in the hand of the Almighty for scourging Africans into civilization. Thus the apple of Paris has gone to the worthiest. *Datur digniori.*

M. Chevrillon's first chapter betrays a traveller embarked on his first voyage. Everything on the steamer and the sea fills him with amazement. His emotions burst out in such hyperboles that readers laugh at him as very green and equally sentimental. His gushing pages on Red Sea heat are pointless compared with five words of the captain of whom the reviewer

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had asked why that sea was named Red. His answer was because it is *red hot*. Half-a-dozen cities often taken in by Cook's tourists were beyond the range of M. Chevrillon. His sole excursion outside the beaten path of those personally conducted adventurers was to Ellora. Regarding the caves there we have a chapter. In this there is little description of what the stranger saw, but much reading of his own notions into Hindu carvings. A large section of the book is of a similar make-up, either from need of padding or from the writer's subjective cast of mind—his nature, like the dyer's hand, subdued to the Oriental element it worked in. At Benares, for example, five pages suffice for setting forth the bathing during a morning on the Ganges—a scene which, but for associations, stone stairs, and the lack of bath-houses, would strongly remind one of New Jersey beaches. But this brief relation is text for a sermon more than ten times as long of theosophical mysticism. The style is lively and fresh, but unless readers believe the speculator inspired, they must at length skip or fall asleep. M. Chevrillon often makes us doubt whether his own speculations are in dead earnest or are ironical jokes. What he dignifies as heavenly meditation we call earthly laziness raised to its highest power. How much is man above the jelly-fish when his prayers are made by machinery, or consist in vain repetitions of the monosyllable OM—one hundred and eight times at a heat?

Our author's Hindu ideals are vague—gelatinous; so to speak—deficient in dates and facts. He has caught the contagion, and is himself negligent of accuracy. At the gate of the Taj Mahal garden, he says, "we pass under the arch, and the Taj appears in sight half a mile distant" (p. 169). It is no more than one-third so far. Half a mile is 2,640 feet, while the actual length of the avenue from the garden-gate to the opposite portal of the Taj, according to English engineers, is 880 feet. Again, the great wonder at Ellora he describes as "a temple cut in an isolated rocky mass which is itself 160 feet long, 100 broad," etc. (p. 228). In this mass there is no room for the real temple, which, as we read in Fergusson, the supreme authority, measures 247 feet by 150. "The isolated mass" is Isaiah's bed, too short for a man to stretch himself on it, and the covering too narrow for him to wrap himself in it.

Notwithstanding shortcomings—sometimes by reason of them—we lay down M. Chevrillon's rhapsody more reluctantly than many a better book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, J. L. Summer in Arcady: A Tale of Nature. Macmillan. $1.25
Black, William. briseis. Harpers. $1.75.
Bois, H. du. The Magnetic Circuit in Theory and Practice. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.
Cold Dishes for Hot Weather. Harpers $1.
Collins, Mabel. A Debt of Honor. American Publishers Corporation. 50c.
Dalbiac, Lieut.-Col. P. H. Dictionary of Quotations (English). London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Esler, E. R. The Way they Loved at Grimpat: Village Idylls. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Farjeon, B. L. A Fair Jewess. Cassell. 50c.
Garry, A. Out of Bounds. Henry Holt & Co. 75c.
Gee, Henry, and Hardy, W. J. Documents Illustrative of English Church History. Macmillan. $2.60.
Hamilton, M. Across an Ulster Bog. Edward Arnold. $1.
Harding, J. W. An Art Failure. F. T. Neely.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. VI. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Judson, Mrs. Isabella F. Cyrus W. Field, his Life and Work. Harpers. $2.
Knight, William. The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Vols. I.-III. Macmillan. Each $1.50.
Lindsay, Lady. The Flower-Seller, and Other Poems. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Macbeth. [English Classics.] Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 20c.
McLennan, J. F. Studies in Ancient History: An Inquiry into the Origin of Exogamy. Macmillan. $6.
McMaster, Prof. J. B. With the Fathers: Studies in the History of the United States. Appletons. $1.50.
Melville, Herman. Typee. American Publishers Corporation. 50c.
Merriman H. S. Flotsam; The Study of Life. Longmans, Green & Co. $1 25.
Montrésor, F. F. False Coin or True? Appletons. $1.25.
Nesbit, Edith. In Homespun. London: John Lane; Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Orchard, Dr. T. N. The Astronomy of Milton's Paradise Lost. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Pontoppidan, Henrik. Emanuel; or, Children of the Soil. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Pratt, Cornelia A. The Daughter of a Stoic. Macmillan. $1 25.
Ravenel, H. H. Eliza Pinckney. Scribners. $1 25.
Reid, Christian. The Picture of Las Cruces: A Romance of Mexico. Appletons. $1.50.
Rideing, W. H. At Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone, and Other Transatlantic Experiences. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Stevenson, R. L. Poems and Ballads. Scribners. $1.50.
Stevenson, R. L. Weir of Hermiston. Scribners. $1.50.
Stories by English Authors. London. France. New York: Scribners. Each 75c.
Stout, G. F. Analytic Psychology. 2 vo's. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $5.50.
Swinburne, A. C. The Tale of Balen. Scribners. $1 50.
Taussig, F. W. Wages and Capital. Appletons. $1.50.
Tennyson, Lord. The Princess. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
The Century. Nov., 1895-April, 1896. Century Co.
The Chap-Book. Vol. IV. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.
The *Savoy*. An Illustrated Quarterly. No. 2. London: Leonard Smithers.
Thurber, A. M. Quaint Crippen, Commercial Traveller. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Trask, Katrina. White Satin and Homespun. Randolph.
Twain, Mark. The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. New ed. Harpers. $1.75.
Warren, H. C. Buddhism in Translations. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.
Whitney, Caspar. On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds. Harpers. $3 50.
Wingate, Gen. George. History of the Twenty-second Regiment of the National Guard of New York. E. W. Dayton. $5.
Woodbury, W. E. Photographic Amusements. Scovil & Adams Co. $1.
Yonge, Charlotte M. The Release; or, Caroline's French Kindred. Macmillan. $1.
Zola, Émile. Rome. Paris: Charpentier; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer, and Lemcke & Buechner
Zola, Émile. Rome. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. 2 vols. Macmillan. $2.

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